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SUPPLEMENT TO  
KINGSLEY'S BOOK  
—ON—  
Medical Science Frauds



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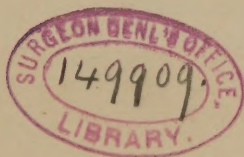
*G. P. Clark*

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*P.O.*  
SUPPLEMENT

— TO —

A. S. KINGSLEY'S

MEDICAL SCIENCE FRAUDS.



INDIANAPOLIS.  
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1891.

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## EXPLANATION.

I owe it to myself as well as to the reader to state, that the many mistakes, in punctuation, quotation, and other marks necessary to properly illustrate the force of language, used in a controversial manner; the same as much of my language is used; in the book, and this supplement, are due to the printer's carelessness, or, what is clear in many instances, to his persistent determination to disregard my corrections on the proof sheets, and get in misspelled or altered words, as well as marks, which materially alter or confuse the meaning intended to be conveyed. One instance at the bottom of page 188 in the book, in the word "lost" the types had it "last," but in which I marked out the a on two proofs sheets, making o plainly in the proper place, yet, "last" in "lost children," by the persistent determination of the printer, is placed before the reader. In another place "guttural" is spelled with an e instead of a u. I am safe in stating that not one word appeared in my manuscript misspelled, unless by accident. I directed that my manuscript should be placed in type just as I had written it, when, in seeing it in type, I could see the necessary change, in punctuation, as well as the occasional change of a word, or even sentence. Yet, and more especially with this supplement, was it the case, except a few of the first pages, that an almost entire repunctuation on the galley was required by me, and much on the page proof sheet; while also, after paying in advance for the work, and with the assurance that it would be done right away, it was delayed at least six weeks; while I suspect the cause was in consequence of the subject and the influence which their "doctor" patrons had over them. It is humiliating to an old man, just standing upon the threshold of eternity, and, while spending his last energies in trying to benefit his suffering fellowbeings, to have his efforts crippled, and feelings outraged by such unworthy, and unbecoming treatment by business young men—those to whom he had paid his money in expectation of a fair business deal. The top line on page 36 should be the top line on page 35.



## INTRODUCTION.

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The reader will note the subject of this supplement refers to the book already published, and, after reading it, will, very likely, come to think there is no use of any apology for its publication. He will see that my "doctor" reviewer has been very lavish of his sneers at my arraignment of his profession; and accompanies those sneers with false quotations, and manipulations of my language in a way to make me appear the most ridiculous, possible; while, all the time, showing an absolute absence of any ability to meet that arraignment with a reasonable, and just defence. I also think, that, in his pretended review, the reader will see he has given me an opportunity to more effectually fasten those charges upon his profession.

He will also see that I take occasion to meet some objections which the Editor of the News, in a review of the book, makes to that "arraignment." While I believe, and am glad to write it, that Mr. Holliday was not moved by unkind feelings, but the very reverse, toward me, and too, his testimonials of my general character, intent, and motives in all my acts and language, are highly appreciated by me. Yet his sentiment, in regard to my charges against the profession, leads me to think that he may be so far "under bondage to medical fetichism"—though not aware of it—as to be afraid to protest against that kind of "fetichism"—kick against

it, nor allow me to do so; but, rather, charges me with injustice, while doing so. Yet, I do not agree with my jubilant "M. D." reviewer when he writes it a "mercilessly scathing analysis"—that review of the News—but only do consider it the kind of a friendly scoring which one friend deems merited by an erring brother. While I feel complimented that during the twenty-one years of the News coming of age, it has been converted to my way of thinking in various matters, so I still am not without hope that it will come to my way of thinking, that, "medical science" is a fraud upon the people, robbing them of health, life and money. Indeed Mr. Holliday's language in some of that "review" leads me to believe that he is, already, on the "anxious seat," ready to be converted; as much of his language, in the same, appears really, as "kicking against the pricks." After reading this supplement I trust he will be truly converted. The reader will also see that there can be no imputation, other than an unselfish motive, in all I have written against the pretended medical science, in its pretended diagnosing or healing diseased humanity. If he will take time to consider and note the constant failures, and mistakes, as constantly published, and which is of daily occurrence right under his eye, as it were, or within the hearing of his ear, he must see the fallacy of trusting the "doctor" to keep off a pretended disease, or to cure it when the same doctor pronounces it to be upon him. While also knowing the sordid mind of man, he must also know, as well as see, that that average sordidity in his doctor's mind will induce him to make the most money possible out of his case, or while he is pretending to treat a pretended disease—while the same sordid mind will lead him to risk his patients' life while reaching after the most money.



## SUPPLEMENT.

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It was supposable that my severe arraignment of the medical profession would provoke an attempted defense. It may be admitted that the language in that arraignment is, in some instances, very severe; while, also, it may be admitted, that, were I to rewrite that book, I would, in some cases, leave out some portions and change others, to more fitly express the sentiments intended to be conveyed. All writers, when they see their productions in print, see more or less, the imperfections in language or sentiment, which they would remedy were they to rewrite the same. I do not admit that I have done injustice to the profession generally, in all my language, only I would, in some cases, place their fraudulent practices in different language before the people.

I have said: attempted defense. Such a defense has appeared in print by one "W. B. Clarke, M. D." "M. D." follows his name, whatever subject matter evolves from his fruitful brain; and, getting into print, over his name, the initials for "Medicinæ Doctor" follows it. Of course, he intends the reader shall know just what *he* knows—that he is a "*M. D.*"

His practice in other matters, than the administering of pills and pukes, may make it proper that other letters shall be added, to signify the "pleasantries"—to use his own language—"he occasionally indulges in for his own amusement at the fancied expense of"—my manuscript.

For instance—I left with Mr. Hathaway, Editor of the Independent, an answer to a long “diatribe,” as he would say, of his, which had appeared in that paper; and with the promise that it would be printed. But, as it was not, I called to get it, when, upon its being handed to me, I found parts of it so effectually erased with a heavy pencil that there was no tracing the words erased. I called Mr. H.’s attention to it, when he admitted that that versatile M. D. was responsible for the erasing. In that case should he not extend the cognomen to—“maliciously—meddlesome M. D.,”—“M.-M. M. D.,” for short.

I should not refer to the very M. D.’s tirade as a “defense.”

He does not attempt a defense; but only indulges in a tirade of sneers, false statements, garbling quotations, erasing quotation marks so as to make the quoted language appear as my own.

The reader will see on page 221 of the book, my quotations from the Philadelphia Record, beginning thus: “After all the cackling of army experts over smokeless powder and noiseless guns, it is possible that the squirt gun of the quack,” etc. Then I query, in parenthesis, after the word “quack,” thus: (our Dr. Fletcher?) He had been using that squirt gun; then was it not proper for me to query: if he was one of the Record’s quacks? Yet the garbler of my language erases quotation marks to make it appear that I treat Dr. Fletcher “contemptuously”—thus, in his language: “Squirt-gun of the quack (our Dr. Fletcher?)” If “quack” is the proper appellation to be applied to the professor of the squirt-gun, as the Record has it, is not our Doctor entitled to it? Yet the learned “M. D.,” would mutilate a quotation and erase quotation marks, so as to make me responsible for those words of the Record. The naughty Editor of that Record would have a law to suppress such reckless use of that squirt-gun; while I would have it extend to the reckless tormenters of the Murray boys. Of course our Humane

society will look after those cruel "doctors;" and then, only to think! the Sheriff must serve a writ on the Fletchers, Clarkes and Company!—All to please the fastidious Philadelphia Record; while John Holliday will have to be called to prove that such "squirt-gun" practice is simply negro "voodooism."

The News, as the reader will see on the opposite page, is as denunciatory as the Record, in regard to that same squirt gun. The News says: "If it came from the plantation negro it would be called voodooism. Coming with the quasi-endorsement of learned men it is an insult to the intelligence of the ages," etc. Of course, the News refers to Dr. Fletcher as one of the "learned men."

But my M.-D.-garbler does not attempt to mutilate John Holliday's language, as I quote it. Perhaps he was of the opinion that the writer of those "scathing" words about "doctors" had been looking through John's own "little knot hole"—That, which he provided for me to look through; to the avenue—"vista"—that which leads down to New York City.

I had formed "conclusions"—so says John. Yes, the conclusions that *water* was the great remedy for fevers; and, which, after repeated trials, "they became convictions, immovable and lasting." "And," continues John, "Nothing" would "shake" me, "no argument affect" me; and the annoying thing to me was that honest doctors did "not see the same way." Just then, in my "gaze"—through that "little knot hole"—toward that famous city—I did see the famous Baruch with his remedy—cold bath for fevers—for the whole "universe."

Then, turning from that same John's little knot hole, with that great Doctor's remedy—all in cold type—in my hand, to John H. Holliday, and in an exuberance of joy, I handed it to him to read—the "Panacea" for fevers in every clime. He took it from my hand, read it, and then voluntarily uttered these ever to be remembered words,—"It is a complete vindication for you"—

vindicated my experience and practice in my own family for more than thirty years.

Yet, when I attempted to inform the people of my success in treating our children with scarlet fever, with the cold bath, the doctors of our city published, that they had discussed it in their medical society meeting, and unanimously agreed that "cold water is not beneficial but hurtful in scarlet fever." Thus publishing a lie, while virtually saying that I lied.

To-day, October 12, it is published: "At the present time there are twenty-two cases of scarlatina, seventeen cases of diphtheria in this city." About the same information is duplicated every week, and the usual amount of suffering and deaths, all the time occur; when, would the people not listen to the selfish and unscrupulous "doctor," who treats their sick for the money considerations, instead of to heal them the quickest way possible, by adopting the cold water remedy, there would be little suffering and no deaths.

The same with diphtheria; the doctors torturing and allowing those patients to die, when, were the people to treat their patients as we did our grand-children, as I have it in the book, they would have, comparatively, little suffering and no deaths. The doctor's, is a lingering treatment, while applying his pretended science, but really no treatment at all, yet the fee bill grows all the time of that lingering treatment, and until death stops its growth.

The fasitdious "M. D." has a long list of doctors whom, he claims, I have treated "contemptuously," maligned, etc. I will notice a few of those here, and may. further along, notice more of his garblings, erasures, forgeries—alterings of my language, to make a case of terribly contemptuous treatment of those whom, judging from their poor success as doctors, President Jordon would term—"fools and frauds." Dr. Fletcher addressed a class of medical students, at the city hospital, when he told them that, all the medicine he had tried for typhoid fever, "had as little effect as



"pickled moonshine," and which language I have referred to liberally; and, for thus quoting the Dr. one of Dr. Jordan's frauds charges me with referring to him as "pickled moonshine Fletcher." Had he told those students, as Dr. Smythe would, to use cold bath, and so save all their patients, he would be entitled to the respect of all, as a humane doctor, who desired to save his patients from suffering and death. Can he now claim the confidence of the sick, as can Dr. Smythe? He now receives censure from such doctors as Smythe.

I have no selfish motive while thus pleading for the sick, to be saved from suffering and death; while all who denounce me, are they not following a strict observance of the medical ethics, without any semblance of quackery—according to Prof. Hays' advice to those graduating students—for the money that is in that long drawn-out treatment; and, *rather* than use cold bath "quackery" for the *little* money there would be in that quick and *sure* cure.

Standing, as it were, by the bedside of the sick, and while they are pleading with him for relief, facetiously telling them that he has found nothing better than pickled moonshine for their fever; when he knew that cold water was a sure remedy!

"Ignorant Oliver," whines out my censor. Well, does he not say: "We do not recognize typhoid as a fever that can be broken up;" while Drs. Baruch and Smythe say that it can be broken up every time. Then, if he does not know that much, is he not ignorant? And, too, while pretending to practice medicine, is he not entitled to the name "Quack-Oliver?"

And, how about "Humbug Hays?" Is not that the proper title for a pretended professor of medicine, who advises against the "quackery"—as he would call it—of cold bath? while Dr. Smythe and others have proved it to be the real nature's science, and sure cure for fevers.

Then, my "disgruntled" M. D. says; "So, if Mr. Kingsley persists in dealing hard knocks, he must in the future expect to receive some from the "dis-

gruntled," etc. My "hard knocks" consist in charging the medical profession with fraud—imposition upon the people, by pretending to cure by a false science; so far, at least, as it applies to diseases; and, while *condemning* cold bath—calling it "quackery"—for fevers. The "hard knocks" which I am receiving from the "disgruntled" M. D. consists, and will continue to consist in the future, in sneers, garbling, false quotations, forgery, etc., and which proves, conclusively, that he can't parry my truths—"knocks"—with fair argument or honest explanations.

He sneers at this, which appears on page 119 of my book, "the only safety for the child is to cause it to vomit, to throw the phlegm off the membrane's approach to the lungs." "Membraneous approaches" is what I wrote, but which was changed by the printer. It was fifty years next February when I saw that child die in its mother's arms, which I mention on that page. Dr. Davidson, of Madison—who will be remembered by all old people who lived in or near Madison, as a Scotchman, as well as celebrated as a physician—had been sent for, too late, as he said the phlegm had become so hard that it could not be thrown off. He attempted it by administering an emetic of some sort, after which he made that statement in my hearing.

In mentioning about my boy's hip case, he says of me: "naming the doctor who attended the case." Here he makes a false statement, as any one who reads my statement will see that no doctor attended my boy. I mention that, out of deference to my mother's wishes, I called Dr. Boyd to see him and stated what I *permitted* him to do, but against my judgment, and which, after several days trial, amounted to nothing at all, and then, when I said to him that I would go back to my old treatment, he suggested an addition to the coal oil, and which I accepted.

Then he puts a false statement into Dr. Boyd's mouth, that "he directed the application of the lini-

ment himself, and that he found Mr. Kingsley bathing the troubled region with water."

We bathed the boy's hip every day with water, and which the reader of what I have published will see that I advise in any treatment by that liniment.

Dr. Boyd cannot afford to allow that blatant, "disgruntled" M. D. to use his name in any such connection.

Here is my wife's statement: "What my husband says about the treatment of our boy, and Dr. Boyd's assistance is correct — Mrs. R. J. Kingsley."

The great "disgruntled" I Am, seems to be willing to assign me to "the State crank retreat just across White river." And, undoubtedly, for this reason, which immediately follows: "He is very fond of quoting isolated statements from the Smythe fountain; especially the unfortunate one which intimates that one-fifth of the typhoid patients will go to their graves unless water is used." Well, Dr. Baruch in his statistics of percentages of death, by treatment without water, mentions 21, 24 and 26 per cent., while with water, all the way from 7 to 1 per cent. and with no death, in 2,150 cases with strict cold baths, when treated within five days from attack. Dr. Smythe shows a mortality in the New York city hospitals for about ten years to 1885, of more than 41 per cent. Yet his statement that one fifth die without the water treatment is an "*unfortunate*" one. "Unfortunate," for one who relies on his position as an educated "doctor," to hoodwink the people into believing that what he says about the proper treatment for fevers is correct; and to sneer down such cranks as he would have them believe I am, when I tell them of my own experience in my family for more than thirty years, and then, to vindicate that experience, quote from "the Smythe fountain."

Note his contemptuous language toward the one whom I refer to, as telling his associate doctors that he had saved hundreds. and every one whom he had treated with cold baths; while he also tells them that:

"No one has a right to oppose this treatment upon theoretical grounds. He who does so, and refuses to adopt it, signs the death warrant of twenty individuals out of every hundred with this disease which he treats, *and a discriminating public will hold him responsible.* This plan of treatment is not an idle tale to be whistled down by a breath of wind."

Now, if I am to be consigned to the "State crank's retreat" for advising the people to adopt Dr. Smythe's plan of treatment, and so save their sick from long suffering, and death in every fifth patient, what is to prevent my "smart," flippant censorious "M. D." and his ilk from being consigned to the "State criminal's retreat" at Jeffersonville or Michigan City?

Their own associate in treatment of the sick, tells them that if they refuse to use cold bath they (Kill?) "sign the death warrant" of one-fifth of their patients; while it is easily read between his lines that he understands that, they refuse his advice, and follow their old torturing treatment, for the more money there is in that, than in his quick and sure treatment.

Then they sign that death warrant for the money they get for doing it. The patient is entrusted to their hands to save him from suffering, yet they allow him to suffer and die, for the money they get for his suffering, rather than save that suffering by a quick and certain cure in the cold bath.

He tells them that they shall be held responsible for those deaths—the signing of those death warrants.

Further, I believe it can be read between those same lines, that he is quite sure that there should be a law on our statute books that will hold them responsible; for, how else can the public hold them responsible? If it were left to only talk about a responsibility, the blarney Clarkes and Company would so effectually pull the wool over the discriminating public's eyes, that they would lose sight of the "Smythe fountain" entirely. While he, Baruch, and little i, would soon be consigned to that crank's retreat o'er that "River."



“Dr.” Clarke has published false statements, in regard to the language in a letter which I wrote to a Mr. Murray, whose boy was reported in the News, as very low with typhoid. I wrote it in kindness, nor do I regret writing, and am also sure that, had Mr. M. known that the doctors, who attended his son, could have saved all his suffering by treating him as I suggested that he should be treated, and as Dr. Smythe would have treated him, he would have censured them—for having allowed the boy to suffer so long, and to approach even to the confines of the grave. And, unfortunately, his confidence in their science came near to costing him his son’s life; while it is reasonable to believe, nor dare his doctors deny that they knew that they could have saved all that suffering and danger to his life, by treating him just as Dr. Smythe would have done.

There can not be a shadow of doubt in the mind of any reflecting person, after knowing what such doctors as he and Baruch have done, and published what others have done, that that boy could have been saved all his suffering in the same way.

That boy’s mother or father could have put him into a cold pack or tub of water, when they saw that he had a fever, just as well as a “doctor,” and had him all right in a few hours. But their alarm, on the appearance of that fever; and, educated as they undoubtedly were, that the doctor must be consulted, led them to trust him to treat their boy; while the sequel showed how near they treated him to his grave.

The disgusted “M. D.” refers to “‘that curiosity,’ which Mr. Kingsley calls ‘My book,’ ‘as a tirading arraignment of members of the medical profession as remorseless butchers of the sick, like any Kingan pig-sticker, for gain alone.’”

Just so. I could not have expressed my own mind as well; and from the fact that his pen reflects his own heart, the same as a mirror would show him his own face. Dr. Smythe’s words: “you sign the death war-

rant," signifies the same as "a Kingan pig-sticker, for gain alone."

The learned "M. D." queries: "Does Mr. Kingsley seriously believe that he can teach the doctors any thing about the use of water when they make hygienic subjects their life study?"

Why, *no sir*. He does not, nor is he trying to teach them. He is only arraigning them before Dr. Smythe's discriminating public, for refusing to use it as they *know* it should be used, to save suffering and death. Had they used it as they knew just how, in that Murray boy's case, he would not have suffered one day. Had the Frauer family doctor used it as *he* knew it should have been used, that family would now be unbroken; but his cupidity and sordid propensity for gain, allowed a half dozen members of it to go to their graves.

A "life study" is not necessary, to learn just what water will do with a fever. I learned it all in three hours—as I have stated it in "my book," as the disgusted M. D. quotes it. And which I advise every one to read and learn how to use it. I had never tried it, or seen it tried, but I had a suffering child, and saw that from what was going on every day,—children dying of scarlet fever in the doctor's hands—such representative ones as Thompson and Woodburn, were I to trust her in their or any other's hands, they would, more than likely, let her die. So I resolved to try the cold pack; and which had the most happy effect, she being rid of the fever and sleeping quietly in one-half hour after being placed in that cold pack.

The doctors know all about the beneficial effect of water in fevers, but which knowledge they apply to their own benefit, rather than to their patients' benefit; while they also *know* its application to their patients will necessitate only one or two visits, with a net fee bill of 4 or 5 dollars. But should they refuse to use the water and so let the patient linger for weeks, as is generally the case, their fee bill would amount to \$50 or more.

This fact is why they "do not recognize typhoid as a fever that can be broken up," as Dr. Oliver said to a Journal reporter; and farther, "it takes its time, and all our care is, by proper treatment, to support the patient in his battle with it." But that is not all their care—the fee is the all-important "care" with them.

Just when the doctors can prove that they are made of a finer and purer "dirt" than liquor sellers, tobacco-nists or "pig-stickers," then they can claim that they do not run their profession "for gain alone." Yet perhaps I should except one W. B. Clarke, "M. D." who is supposed to have received his inspiration from Hahnemann, the inventor of Homeopathy, and "of whom," Wm. B. wrote, "it may be said, that no man, save Christ, has ever conferred upon his fellows such blessings as he," for we must confess, that, from some recent literature in the Independent, and the purloining from his desk and mutilating the Editor's contributor's manuscript, it may seem that, even he has "fallen from grace."

In noticing the "book," that which seems to have disturbed his digestive organs, the "M. D." says: "He arraigns the doctor's for practicing their profession for gain alone, utterly regardless of life or health, and on many other charges," etc. I have given my reason for that arraignment, and for the "many other charges," in that book which he seems to be not able to digest; and more, the water that is in it has thrown him into "convulsions," very much the same as the same element would affect the four-legged *little m. ds.* His readers can easily see from the way that he treats the water question, and those who have found it to be the one thing needful in treating all cases of fever, that he has the "rabies" on him, and on him "bad." The very mention of that element throws him into "convulsions."

In his "brief history of the water cure," the "Dr." gives entirely, a negative view of the water treatment; designed, of course, to mislead the reader, and pre-

judice his mind against that treatment. His whole course, the language he uses, and his blustering manner, in it all, goes to show that he proposes to stop any influence I have had, or may have, with the suffering people; those who are suffering all the time, directly or indirectly, by the practice imposed upon them, by the fraudulent, blustering Clarkes and Company; all by that blubbering, and worse, dishonest and false presentation against me and my book; that one which is, just now, giving him what we little children used to call—"belly ache."

"Mr. Kingsley" comes in for a fair share of notice in the Clarke "brief history." This: Priessnitz, called the founder of hydropathy, at once seized on Oertel's system—the water cure—and built up a great practice on it. He was the Kingsley of that time, but, unlike his modern follower, left nothing in writing on his method of cure."

Here, may I inquire if the fact that that modern "Priessnitz, alias Kingsley," is liable to leave something in writing on his method of cure, as well as the method of his "angels," Baruch and Smythe,—is not the cause of that sore feeling in the lower stomach of the modern Hahneman, alias Clarke?

"The cold bath was first recommended in England by James Currie, of Liverpool, in 1797, fell into disuse until 1868, when it was revived by Dr. Brand, of Stettin, Germany, and he is the man, Mr. Kingsley's angels, Dr. Smythe and Baruch are following and quote from."

Such is the language of the "disgruntled" Clarke; referring to those real benefactors of mankind, those men who try to alleviate human suffering by the easiest quickest and only sure way, by cold bath—in language and manner which he intends the reader shall understand as his contemptible feeling toward them; and which he believes and intends, that the reader shall share with him, relying on his great professional pretensions to influence him, into that same feeling.



Previously, he says: "He has two or three angels, however, among the doctors—men that have recently announced their belief in the efficacy of water."

While his intentions were to slur those humane doctors, did he not, unintentionally, declare a great truth in referring to them as "angels"—"angels of mercy"—merciful to save every one of their fevered patients—by the cold bath!

Suppose those angels had ministered to Miss Gillespie who died a few days ago, of typhoid fever, would she not now be living—a joy to her friends? And a Mrs. Evans, who so recently died under the same torturing treatment—by the code, and by some *sneering* Clarke?

Had the "angel" Smythe treated her would she not be now living—to bless her family? And, suppose the same angel had treated the Frauer family, would it now be all broken up?

That angel Smythe told the doctors of the State, recently assembled in our city, that he had treated more than 200 cases by cold bath without the loss of one. Very likely the doctor who treated that family was present, yet very likely he, with all who heard Dr. S., treated him, the same as he told them his advise had hitherto been treated—"with adverse criticism." Just as the blustering "M. D." is now treating me—while my advise is ten times worse, from the fact that I am only a quack—for informing the people of what Dr. S. said to those doctors—that they could cure every patient with cold bath.

As the "angel" Smythe's faith is founded on the success of hundreds of cases of his own treatment, without the loss of one, can any honest doctor fail to adopt it and establish a like faith in the same works?

His sneering words about my angels, who have recently announced their belief in the efficacy of water, is not such language an attempt to whistle down Dr. Smythe's just arraignment of the profession, for signing the death warrant of their patients?

He whines about my arraigning the doctors for various "offences," why don't he pitch into Dr. S. for *his* severe arraignments? Why don't he defend himself and his profession from those charges of Dr. S., instead of whining about the "isolated statements from the Smythe fountain, especially the *unfortunate* one which intimates that one-fifth of the typhoid patients will go to their graves unless water is used?" Why don't he deny the truth of those statistics, produced by Dr. S.? Why don't he deny Dr. Baruch's statistics of 2,150 typhoid patients being cured by cold bath without the loss of one?

That wouldn't suit his purpose of keeping his readers in the dark, by that little bit of sham history of the water cure.

Why don't he deny the virtue of water in fever, instead of sneering at my statement and my reference to my "angels" for proof sustaining my long experience?

That "unfortunate statement" is *very* unfortunate for demagogues and medical frauds, who prefer to risk their patients' lives, by letting them "battle" with typhoid fever to the end, live or die, so that their ledger accounts may grow.

They know that Dr. S.'s experience in saving his more than 200 patients without the loss of one, would be their own, were they to practice cold bath as he did, and does—they know that Dr. Baruch's 2,150 cases without the loss of one would be duplicated in their own experience were they to adopt those doctors' methods—they know that there would not be one death from typhoid, scarlet or any other fever, were cold bath properly used.

Any one who has studied cause of disease, chills or fevers, knows that hot or cold water applied to the body of the patient by pack or tub, will cause an immediate perspiration, bringing the disease with it, just as it was the case with that man in Memphis who, on being attacked with yellow fever, had his servants put him in cold wet blankets, and which soon caused a perspiration

that colored the blankets "yaller," as his servants called it.

My "M. D." critic and cold water historian says: "None of these acknowledged experts dare to use water colder than 65 deg. but 'Dr.' Kingsley says (page 357) 'the higher the fever, the colder the water, temperature of 50 or 60 deg. very well.'"

Well, but Dr. Currie used water at a temperature of 44 deg. yet my "M. D." snarler,—I do not mean the kind that have the "rabies," though such constant snapping at my heels might alarm me were I not so old—sneers at my suggestion of 50 or 60, according to the severity of the fever.

I used it for myself, with a severe fever after a chill, at a temperature of 50, and, in five hours after, went to the stable and milked 16 cows. Where is my mistake in putting the temperature at those figures, while Dr. Currie went 6 deg. lower than my lowest?

He quotes a Thomas G. Shearman, who says: "If we make a mistake we not only waste our own lives in an effort which is worse than useless, but we may do incalculable injury to humanity. It is positively wrong, therefore to devote our energies to the service of an apparent reform without having put it to every reasonable test." But I have not made "a mistake," nor wasted "our own lives," nor done "incalculable injury to" my own, or my family's "humanity," so he does not mean me, or my mode of saving "our own lives." But he evidently means the fussy Clarkes, who did "make a mistake," and did "incalculable injury to the humanity" of that Murray boy, by letting him linger until he reached the confines of the grave. Then, "As Mr. Kingsley is not in a position to give his hobby a reasonable test, and never has been, he should cease to ride it."

O, what disinterested advice! Just like Mr. Wolf's, who was in the habit of eating sheep—just "for gain alone"—and then, when he found himself caught in the shepherd's trap, exclaimed: "This is a dangerous

thing. Did you give it 'a reasonable test' before setting it for me?"

Just for this *very* disinterested M. D's, information I am more than happy to be able to inform him, that I have been riding my "hobby" a third of a century, and all that time it has never stumbled, only against "doctors" corns, when it has always hurt "awful bad." The latest evidence of such hurt is in this plaintive advice, "he should cease to ride it." This hobby of mine never carries its rider so near to death's door as was that Murray boy carried, by such frauds as those who ride a \$2 a visit hobby. My hobby is placed on its feet, rough shod, by my "angels," the "angels of mercy"—who warrant it to save the rider every time; while the hobby that carried that boy so near to death's door, is ridden by the kind of angels that were thrown over the battlements of Heaven, and who fell into h—sheol.

Here is a little tribute which I should not omit to reprint. It seems to come from a heart that had so recently emitted so much "gall" after my hobby had tramped on his corns; but was just then so clear of that bitter substance as to enunciate this:

"Mr. Kingsley is noted in this community as a man of quick sympathy, honest purpose, and the willingness and ability to do much good; and his whole life is proof of this, in deeds as well as words. And he knows the milk business well, and knowing this, has always furnished, as intimated in the above reprint, pure milk—and for this alone, as every doctor will admit, he well deserves a monument, if not for the 'pleasantries' he occasionally indulges in for his own amusement at the fancied expence of the medical profession. But he may unwittingly do much harm. His condensed milk of human kindness is distributed with too lavish a hand, that is the kind that is mixed with ink and vinegar, and perhaps I should say gall, for he has written a book—and this recently published book will be a more or less enduring monument to his memory."



This "monument," coming from one who acknowledges himself to be "disgruntled" and 'unregenerated' in consequence, undoubtedly, of my hobby hurting his corns, should be appreciated, and is, to the "extremist" extent, by "Dr." Kingsley.

Then, further along, and seemingly, to offset my "condensed milk of human kindness," he notices my "book" from all points of view—this way, that way and "t'other" way—between paroxisms of pain, in his sore corns, which my "hobby" had so "mercilessly" tramped upon, and then writes: "But I will forbear further personal reference to this curious 'book, lest I appear 'bigoted' and prejudiced and will only adduce a small portion of the evening News, book review of it—a mercilessly scathing analysis, which it is safe to say Mr. Kingsley has not yet reprinted and circulated to any appreciable extent in this community at least." I have already referred to the News little "knot hole" which John Holliday furnished me to look through, and, away down to New York, where I discovered Dr. Baruch, etc., and how John congratulated me, etc.

Then John writes: "Mr. Kingsley's grievance when sifted out, seems to be that the doctors will not adopt his methods and admit that his remedies of water" etc., "are panaceas." But he should have first stated what he knows to be true—that I am backed by doctors here in Indiana, New York and all over Europe, who sustain my "methods." He leads his readers to think that I am alone in my "sovereign remedies of water," etc., while he knew that Dr. Smythe told the doctors that, if they did not use "his remedies"—cold bath for fever, they were responsible for the deaths of all their patients who died under their care.

And, while I know by long experience, and am backed by those doctors who have had the same experience, would it not be proper, as well as my duty to my God and His creatures to do just as he writes that I do? This: "Then, after denouncing their narrow-

ness and avarice he recommends the people to accept his theories and let the doctors go."

"Theories" is out of the question. Did not Mr. Holliday know that it was, and is a demonstrated *fact* established by all those doctors whom Drs. Baruch and Smythe name? as well as by their *own* experience, even to leave the "small fry," like myself, out; but whose experience is worth as much as any of those doctors were—so far as it goes.

"He would have the doctors take his remedies and then have the people attend to their own diseases" Here he omits the fact that Dr. Smythe is the one who "would have the doctors take '*his remedies*;' but who refuse, and treat his advice with '*adverse criticism*.'" Then he proceeds:

"The faculty may be entirely wrong in denying or ignoring Mr. Kingsley's theories, yet that does not prove they are irreclaimable frauds."

But, John, if the faculty denies or ignores Drs. Baruch and Smythe's established *facts*, not "theories"—that cold bath will cure fevers, and refuse to use it, and thereby cause much suffering and many deaths, does not such conduct "prove they *are* irreclaimable frauds," and scoundrels, too?

Worse than that, because Dr. S. says they sign the death warrant of one-fifth of their patients—that is, to say in plain English "kill" one-fifth of them by adhering to their code of ethics. Are they not then worse than irreclaimable frauds? "scoundrels of the deepest dye?"

It does not matter how much of the "Christ-like spirit" doctors may *pretend* to show, as Mr. Holliday mentions.

He says: "We could name names and multiply instance if it were necessary. And are such men who proved their faith by their works, to be condemned as frauds and scoundrels, preying upon the community, because they believed that one thing was a remedy, while Mr. Kingsley believes another is?" "Proved their faith by their works." Well, "their works"

were—long suffering and often death as the result of “their faith” in their “code” “remedy”—“that one thing,” or as John puts it: “because they believed that one thing was a remedy.” He cannot deny that long suffering, and often death was, and is the result of their proving “their faith by their works”—while, all the time, *pretending that* “*Christ-like spirit of self-sacrifice.*” And, all this time, “while Mr. Kingsley believes another is”—that is: cold bath, and which he *knows* is; and in which knowledge, he is sustained by Dr. Smythe’s words: that there are no deaths, while also, *he* says the “Christ-like” kind of doctors are responsible for *their* patients’ death.

While those doctors *profess* to believe there is no remedy for fevers, they *know* that cold bath is—just as Dr. Smythe and little i know it is; yet, rather than use that remedy to save their patients, they will call it “quackery” and let their patients, in the meantime, die. Such men prove “their faith by their works,” in letting *their* patients die; while Dr. Smythe proves *his* faith, in cold bath, by his “work” in saving every one of *his* patients.

Then, in John Holliday’s own words, with “not” added, “Are” not “such men to be condemned as frauds and scoundrels, preying upon community because they only pretend to believe that” nothing is a “remedy” for fever, “while Mr. Kingsley” and Dr. Smythe know that water is a remedy.

They shut their eyes *against* water, but all the time *know* it to be a sovereign remedy. Will Mr. Holliday dare say that, they are justifiable in refusing to use cold bath in the face of the complete success of those who do use it?

“It is a monstrous assumption,” is it, to assume that doctors, who refuse to treat their patients in a way that other doctors have proved—and so told them, in their associated capacity—will save them, every time, from suffering and death, shall “be condemned as frauds and scoundrels, preying upon the community?”

Suppose they do *show* "the Christ-like spirit of self sacrifice, in their daily lives," is that any justification for them in sacrificing their patients' lives by a "strict observance of their "medical ethics"—according to Prof. Hays—instead of using cold bath as Dr. Smythe advised them?—that "semblance of quackery," which the Prof. was so careful to advise those young doctors against using!

The News published the account of the deaths in the Frauer family, and mournfully queried—"Can suffering go farther?" or words to that effect. Then, is it not proper for me to inquire of John Holliday: How much suffering *should* that family have endured before the doctors, who treated those patients by their code *shall* be ranked with those, in whose cases he queries in reference to my charges against the doctors? Thus "Are (not) such men, who proved their faith by their works"—consigned their patients to their graves—"to be condemned as frauds and scoundrels?"

They preyed upon that family by pretending to believe that their code treatment was the remedy for typhoid fever, while "Mr. Kingsley," Dr. Smythe and many others, know it is not, but do know that cold bath would have saved every one of them.

And, may not the further query be made? this: Why did they allow those patients to "battle" with that fever, and to die, when they had the authority of doctors, even provided that they had not proved its efficacy themselves, that cold bath would save them? Were they treating those patients with their long drawn out treatment for the correspondingly long fee bill, rather than have that bill cut short by the safe and quick cold bath?

But then, in the name of humanity, why did they not show that real "Christ-like spirit," after all their "work," or rather, "theory," had failed, and put them in a bath tub to save them; the same as Charles E. Kregelo's doctor did, and so saved him. Were they such deep dyed scoundrels, that they would rather let

them die than resort to a "semblance" of quackery" to save them?

I venture to answer Mr. Holliday's query to cover *their* case, the doctor's, who treated G. B. Loomis, Miss Gillispie, Mrs. Evans, Mr. Carpenter, of Shelbyville and many, many other cases: "Are such men to be condemned as frauds and scoundrels, preying upon the community?" Yes,—all because they would not use cold bath to save those patients,—and so let them die.

They would not resort to that "quackery" for the great *one* reason that it would soon make such an inroad upon their pretended "exact science" of medicine, as to demoralize its devotees, and eventually destroy the influence it now exerts upon the John Hollidays and company; as well as its influence over the people they dupe; with the like effect, it had, in sending those, whom I have mentioned, to their graves; while repeating the same "work," of their pretended "faith," every day, the world o'er.

It is reasonable to suppose that every doctor, now practicing in this city, has read of the success of cold bath in fevers; yet there is no report that one is practicing it, while we have abundance of evidence that very many are opposing it, treating it with "adverse criticism" in their medical assemblies, of course, but disdaining to oppose it publicly, or speak of it among their patrons. Hence, shall they not "be condemned as frauds and scoundrels?" And if they *be* frauds, by practicing a false science in fevers, is it for big fees? Eh? Then, are they not equally frauds in this general practice?

The same dilatory, long lingering treatment is manifest in all other diseases, or where they are working up a disease to treat.

How diligent they were in creating alarm all over the country about the coming of "La Grippe." Those alarming paragraphs, every day in the papers, and furnished by the doctors, were their seed time. Yet, had nothing been published about that approaching La Grippe there would have been no alarm; nor would there



been one hundredth part as many cases as was diagnosed. and treated for that "dreaded" disease, as there were.

It was not long after that seed was sown until their harvest came; every one who felt, or imagined he or she felt something wrong, called the doctor, or visited him at his office, and was informed that "La Grippe" had his grip upon them; while, if his grip was not on him then, it was, soon after; under the influence of the great "cure," but which did not cure. And, while his small fry, all over the country were gathering in their hundreds or thousands, the great Knorr, the discoverer of the great remedy, but which did *not* "remedy" the evil among the people, was gathering in his million. The sequel of that fraudulent treatment is constantly being reported in the papers, of people dying of consumption, the result of that unnecessary scare, and fraudulent treatment.

I say fraudulent, the same as in their treatment of fevers, their object in that was the same as in fevers, to treat for the long fee bill.

I felt the usual effect, a soreness, and lameness and weak, so that it was painful for me to move about. Then before retiring, I took a thorough foot bath, clear up to my knees, and which resulted in a great perspiration. After that, and a good nights rest, there was nothing more of it, and I walked three miles the next day.

The honest (?) "M. D." C., in his exuberance of joy, in being able to quote the News' "mercilessly scathing analysis" of my book, did forget to quote the beginning of one sentence, but, begins in the middle of it, at a comma, making a whole sentence of the last half, and which seems to suit his purpose of making me feel sore over that "analysis."

The first part of that sentence which he "overlooked," *of course*—his left eye must have been closed when he came to it, thinking perhaps, that he was leveling his "foulm" piece at me—begins thus: "Through prejudice, or love of mystery, or what not, the faculty may eschew simple remedies which are efficacious

under certain conditions, or to go further, the faculty—"Here, the very honest M. D., leaves out that first part entirely, and takes "the faculty" with which to begin a new sentence, thus: "The faculty may be entirely wrong in denying or ignoring Mr. Kingsley's theories, yet that does not prove them irreclaimable frauds." He evidently saw that the News' language tacitly admits my correctness, in making those charges against that "faculty" and which he was as willing to suppress as to publish the last half of that sentence.

And now, as he sees that I have reprinted and am circulating, with my liberal review of that "analysis," he may as well think that I am not entirely knocked out by John's "heavy weight."

And I may as well say here that I do not think that review will deter me in my purpose of denouncing that faculty, as "frauds," although perhaps not "irreclaimable" ones. Mr. Holliday tacitly admits those to be frauds, so far as they "eschew simple remedies which are efficacious under certain conditions." That is the whole gist of the matter. Those "simple remedies" are efficacious under the "certain conditions" that they shall be applied just as all those doctors recommend that they shall be applied. Then, that efficacy, proved by their application, clearly proves all those to be "frauds" who refuse to apply them, but, instead, let their patients suffer and die.

Mr. Holliday says: "Mr. Kingsley is a thoroughly onesided man." Yes, I am only on the side of humanity, and John is with me, so long as we both call doctors frauds who refuse to use simple means to save their patients, but rather let them die.

He describes such exactly, in these words: "There are quacks, charlatans among them, small souls devoured by greed, unscrupulous men, worthy of all Mr. Kingsley can say against them." Now John, give me your hand. We are agreed that all those doctors who refuse cold bath as a remedy for fevers, those who treated the Frauer family, Miss Gillespie, G. B. Loonis,

the Murray boy, Mr. Carpenter, with those everywhere, who refuse that "simple" remedy for typhoid fever, scarlet fever, etc., are "quacks, charlatans among them, small souls devoured by greed"—for the \$2 a visit, and worthy of all you and I can say against them.

We call a spade a spade, and the kind of a spade it is may be learned by the Christ's words: "He that is not for me is against me. He that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." They that are for Him are the merciful. They "showeth mercy" by healing the sick, not torturing them—"for the greed of gain." They that are against Him, and disobey His precept, to: Do unto others as ye would that them do unto you, are "devoured of greed, unscrupulous men."

Mr. Holliday says: "Mr. Kingsley has grasped this truth," "that observation, and knowledge of ones own system, will enable him to cure many ailments, by simple methods—and would enforce it to the extent of having no doctors at any age. He regards them all as frauds and cheats who have no other motive than the mercenary one of getting money."

Here he is mistaken, I do not regard them all as frauds and cheats, I state in my book that I consider many doctors honest, and would treat their patients by those simple remedies, but being ruled by, and with the certainty of being disowned and cast out from, the medical societies, they dare not, only in a very quiet way; while they are enjoined, by the Prof. Hayses, to have no "semblance of quackery" in their practice. A few such men as Drs. Smythe and Baruch have broken loose from the *ruling* "frauds and cheats." They are the kind who call "a spade a spade," and Dr. Smythe told the doctors here what "kind of a spade it is," while the "frauds and cheats" treated his advice, to use that simple remedy for fever, "with adverse criticism."

Will not Mr. Holliday apply the term "frauds and cheats" to every doctor who refuses to use the simple remedy? That which those doctors informed their

fellow members of their medical societies, had cured thousands without the loss of one.

And the very fact that they do not allow such an inroad upon their old method of treatment, but allow their patients to linger for weeks, while, for their daily visits to them they charge \$2, does it not prove beyond a doubt that they "have no other motive than the mercenary one of getting money?" If that be not their motive, what other one can they have in refusing to save their patients by that simple remedy?

Then my friend continues—I write "Friend" because I have always considered Mr. Holliday as a friend, while the words which I here quote assure me that he is such, although his "mercilessly scathing analysis," as the garrulous Clarke calls his review, does seem at first thought, a little rough; but, and without the intention of being irreverent, I may perhaps conclude, that, in proportion as he loveth a friend he would chasten him. "He scores, by name, physician after physician from all ranks and schools."—Words cannot express my gratification for the following sentiment—"His sincerity is not to be questioned, and his courage in uttering his convictions is to be admired, whatever opinion we may have of them. His object is to do good, he believes thoroughly that he is right, and that the great medical army is not only wrong, but unnecessary and hurtful, and, with the hope that he may help humanity, he denounces the doctors in unscathing terms; and tells the experience of his own long life." (I would inquire of the happy Clarke, "M. D.," if he does not think John is a little "Christ-like" in the above, and following "analysis"?) "We give him full credit for good motives in this assault, do not believe him capable of having others. There is no malice in his nature; and, strange as it may seem, he means to be perfectly fair, and believes that he is."

Thanks. But are not "doctors" public men, and work on the public? And is there another class that need as close watching as they? Do they not claim to

be conservators of the people's health, and lives? And have not the people confided to them their health and lives; while, do they *prove to be* the "conservators" of all that? Do they preserve their health, or save their lives by the simplest and best methods? Rather, do they not pretend to be such conservators, by purposely refusing such methods as have been proven to be both simple and the best; and by determining to continue their old methods; and, which do, continually, develope their worthlessness in that conservation work?

The consequence is, they let their patients suffer long and die. Then, can they be scored too hard, or too long?

A "one-sided man" says Mr. Holliday, Well, is not a true lawyer a one-sided man? I am pleading for the people—my clients—against the criminals who sign their death warrants—"for gain alone." I am, "on the Lord's side," Who is merciful, and proclaims: "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

I tried to be merciful to the children of our city, by publishing that I had saved our child from suffering, and death from scarlet fever—by putting her in a cold pack. But the "frauds and scoundrels," of the medical society, published that: "cold water is not beneficial but hurtful in scarlet fever."

"He scores, by name, physician after physician." Yes, indeed; and, did I know the names of those doctors, would publish them here, as "frauds and liars," and whose purpose it was to deceive those children's parents—trusting to their influence to make them believe me to be the liar.

We know that children are dying all the time in this city, and all over the country, of that fever; all in consequence of that persistent lying of the fraudulent "doctors," who still proclaim, by word or act, that water is hurtful in scarlet fever.

In refering to this matter, again and again, as I have, I am reminded of the dilemma which a Doctor,



to whom I had sent my book, seemed to be in, in regard to my repetitious.

I will quote his language: "As to your book, I am reading it, some little at a time, as I can stand it." Of course he can bear but little of it on his stomach at a time. "It is hard for me to understand, why it is that you repeat, over and over again the same thing. I am free to admit that you say a good many things that are correct, but I can't see why you repeat them over so often."

Now, I may as well enlighten his mind right here, as well as the mind of other sin-sick doctors who may be in the same quandary, this: I had in my mind, all the time, the lawyer, who is pleading the case of his client, before a jury. And I cannot illustrate my course any better than to repeat the language of a friend to whom I had read my weak-stomached Doctor's plaint.

His language was about this: "Well it was said of the great lawyer Choate, of Massachusetts, that his success before a jury was attributed to his way of repeating, over and over, his points, in his presentations of the case before the jury." It did not occur to my Dr. friend that my presentation of my case—"The cause of the People, vs, Doctor Frauds," and repeating it over and over again was the reason that he could stand but a little of it at a time on his conscience-stricken "sole."

Can Mr. Holliday point to one physician, whom he says I have "scored," where that scoring is not in consequence of some fraud upon the people by word or deed? Did *he* not score the great Fletcher for his negro 'voodooism'? as I have noted it in the book. But, then, he may be one of the modern "Christ-like," whom John mentions, and so he did not "score" him "by name" yet left the reader not in the dark as to the name—W. B. Fletcher—because it was notorious that that Dr. had been using the Philadelphia Record's quack's "squirt-gun."

Then, he did "score" the doctors; but not "by

name," excepting Dr. Hurty, for his determined fight against Dr. Earp, to oust him from the Board of Health, simply for the reason that he was a "rival." He said—"Outside of matters pertaining to their profession, no class of men are more broad-sided than physicians."

Then they are narrow-minded, as professionals, are they? Just what I have so often claimed in the book. Yes, here Mr. Holliday has it. "This fact makes their professional narrowness more remarkable, the wonder is that men so intelligent are not ashamed to indulge in such a petty exposition of jealousy."—"Small souls devoured by greed, unscrupulous men, worthy of all Mr. Kingsley can say against them"—Mr. Holliday might say.

True, he does not "score by name" all those "narrow physicians," "who indulge in such a petty exposition of jealousy," but leaves the reader to understand that such narrowness, and jealousy are peculiar to the "breed."

They are hatched out with that peculiar mark upon them, after Jordan, Brayton, Hays and company's hen has "sot" on the egg in the Medical College nest.

Witness the "doctors" which the News "went for" in a manner "mercilessly scathing"—as "M. D." Clarke would say. And too, the doctors who looked on—with that "exposition of jealousy"—while Bliss, Agnew and company worked on our beloved President's anatomy, for their \$25,000 fee—"for the greed of gain."

I have noticed all those cases and many others in the book, which the reader should examine. He will then see that Mr. Holliday is correct when he writes this: "There are quacks, charlatans among them"—the doctors—"small souls devoured by greed, unscrupulous men," &c.

I do not "go" for this kind, which he mentions: "Some of the best men ever known in this city, to go no farther, have been physicians." "The best men" are the Baruch and Smythe kind, not the kind who refuse, in the face of light and knowledge, to save their

patients, as those doctors advise; but let them die—after their long drawn out treatment for the \$2 a visit; those are the “small souls” kind, “devoured by greed,” &c. And too, “the best” kind, “ever known in this city,” are scarce, as the Baruches and Smythes are scarce in the latter-day medical societies.

Mr. Holliday knows nothing about medical science, only from a smack, now and then, as he inhales the medical science air, as it passes from the windy Clarkes, Fletchers, Braytons, Hays and company. But he is a graduate of Hanover College—the same that was my old stamping-ground before him of more than thirty years, and where and when I enjoyed the teachings—preachings—of Doctors Crowe, Blythe, Mathews and others. So, as the “doctors” are *medically* college “larnt,” he feels, perhaps, compelled, as a matter of courtesy, to greet them, occasionally, as “hail fellows well met;” when, as to their great pretentious medical science knowledge, he *hears* their blowing, yet, all the time, sees their constant failures to utilize it to save suffering, and life.

He has not used that “little knot hole” to no purpose—the same that he provided for my use, to select the Baruches and Smythes, from the great array of “frauds,” who are torturing the people with their great pretended “*materia medica*”—the same, as the great Dr. Holmes said, after looking through John’s same “knot hole,” should be cast into the sea, as all the better for humanity.

As I had occasion to say in the book—“my book” to please the fastidious Clarke.—Mr. Holliday has grown, in the last twenty years, “physically mentally, and most grandly Newsy,” while all that time, as a reformer, he has been utilizing that same “little knot hole.”

I am glad to be able to mention one matter of reform which he entered into, and, while looking through it, he saw the necessity for the News to open fire on “Smith” He saw, through that reformer’s “hole” that Smith was enlisting the aid of the saloon interest to

procure his nomination for Mayor; when he, undoubtedly called to "Gid." "Hustle out our gun, and level it on Smith and company. That gun did do herculean work in his effort to prevent the mayoralty from being contaminated by the saloon interest, and until Smith, by some hook or crook, succeeded in spiking it, just before the election; but not until it, and the little pop-guns of such reformers as Kingsley and company, had succeeded in reducing his majority to about one-fourth of what the others on his ticket received, while too, our pop guns kept up their fusilading, until the last vote was polled. And it is a matter of history too, that just so soon as that Mayor showed himself a tool of that interest, which had championed him, those naughty spikes were drawn from that fowling piece, and it was again filled with hot shot which he never ceased to pour into that Mayor's office, until he bowed himself out a private citizen again.

More recently, he has done good work toward hunting down and consigning to the penitentiary "doctors" of tally-sheets.

Then, while still using that reformer's "hole" may we not hope that, while "seeing the vista before him" he will see the necessity for a law to consign "doctors of medicine," the "frauds and cheats"—those who allow Murray boys to linger for weeks, and reach the confines of the grave, rather than to save them in a day, by cold bath.—those who allow the Gillespies, Loomises, Frauers, Carpenters, and others, whose name is legion, to go to their graves, rather than loose a long fee bill, by using the same watery element to save them in a few hours—all who sign the death warrant of their patients by refusing the advice of the Smythes, and treating it "with adverse criticism," to the same penitentiary?

Are unmutillated tally-sheets more sacred with the people than their health and their lives, to their family and their friends? Are tally-sheet mutillators any more deserving the penitentiary than mutillators of families—erasers of names from the family record, to be transfered

to the records at the Crown Hills? Is, to preserve the purity of the ballot box any more deserving the care of the people than the preservation of the health, and lives, of families of the same people? Then, is the doctor, who will scorn to use, and treat with contempt the one who advises the use of a sure and quick remedy, to save suffering and all those lives; but persists to treat their sick by the same code of ethics that has proved, and is every day proving a failure, any the less deserving the penitentiary than the tally-sheet mutilator?

To let the physician down gently, Mr. Holliday says: "No physician will claim that the practice of medicine is an exact science, it is experimental," etc. Then why do they enjoin upon their medical graduates to observe strictly their materia medica, without any "semblance of quackery?"

If their "medica" is perfect why do they experiment? And, is not "experimenting," "quackery"? trying some remedy which they are not sure is the proper thing. Then, should the patient die under that experimenting, would it not be quackery that killed him, or, at least, did not save him? Prof. Hays, at least, would not experiment; if so, why does he advise a strict observance of his "ethics." And does he not allow his patients to die rather than experiment with cold bath?

Here is a case just now reported that does seem to justify Mr. Holliday's theory as to experimenting. A clipping from the Journal with these head lines—

#### "SMALL WONDER SHE DIED.

MRS. PETTIT CONSUMED THE CONTENTS OF A DRUG  
STORE DURING HER LAST ILLNESS.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal."

"CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 4.—The more light that is shed upon the symptoms of strychnine poisoning in the Pettit case by the learned doctors the less the spectators seem to know whether Mrs. Pettit died from



malarial poison, tetanus, hysteria, vegetable ptomains, strychnine or from the chloroform and the combined effects of the medicines given her during her illness. The following formidable list of drugs were exhibited and sworn to as given her on Tuesday, so far as can be deduced from the testimony: Two drops aconite every half hour, five drops digitalis every fifteen to thirty minutes, ten grains bromide of potash every hour, ten grains of hydrate of chloral every half hour, eight grains quinine every three hours, ten grains cathartic compound every three hours, one-eighth grain morphine every three hours, one-sixtieth grain sulphate of atropia every three hours, ten grains subnitrate of bismuth every hour, ten grains chlorate of potash every hour, ten grains saccharum lactus every hour, ten grains calomel every three hours, oil, mustard and water as an emetic, strong coffee and tea, besides during the last six hours of her life she was kept in a stupor by the chloroform, of which sixteen measured ounces were used during her sickness. There were also injections given and all sorts of hot applications used. Then adding to all this medicine the alleged fact that Pettit was also giving her strychnine, it is not to be wondered at that she died. In the liver has been found about one-half grain of strychnine, one-half grain in the spleen and about one-half grain in the stomach and intestines, according to the testimony of the two chemists."

"Consumed the contents of a drug store"—as the Journal facetiously has it—the day before she died. It does seem that there was experimenting in that, or else the humbug Hays' "medica" is terribly loaded with poisons, of all kinds. And, if such be the case, is it any wonder that the veteran Dr. Holmes thinks it should be "sunk to the bottom of the sea?" He has become satisfied from long experience, and thorough testing of its merits, as a curative agency, and is convinced that it is all the better for mankind that it be so sunk. About so, thought such distinguished Doctors as Cooper,

Hoffman and Abercrombie, whom I have quoted in the book.

And too, what a muddled up mess of knowledge those doctors, and experts seemed to have about the effect of poison on the human frame. One of them seems to be trying to fasten the crime of murder upon the husband; yet some of the others show him to be entirely unreliable, and untruthful.

And are they not a fair sample of the medical mind, ability, or honesty, when brought into contact with others of the profession, to prove, disprove, to condemn, or save a criminal from punishment?

Perhaps Mr. Holliday would term those doctors' course, up there, a "petty exhibition of jealousy." Certainly those other ones had great reason to be "jealous" of that one who was able to understand that that sick woman needed the contents of that drug store, and then, successfully administered it to her.

Mr. Holliday, after stating that some of the best men ever known in this city, have been physicians; men who showed the Christ-like spirit of self-sacrifice in their daily lives; and, continuing to multiply their good qualities, finally comes to this: "These men are not all dead, either. There are just as good in the profession to-day, and so far from believing with Mr. Kingsley that society is under bondage to medical fetishism, we regard his arraignment as totally inadequate, unproved and unjust." Now, if John will "name names" among the physicians of our city, who, he can claim, are "Christ-like," according to the example and precepts of the Christ, then I will exempt them in my "arraignment" of the frauds.

I do not arraign such. I only arraign those who are pretending to be healers of all the people's ail's, by a pretended science, but *fail* to heal, and, while failing to so heal, and allowing their patients to linger in long suffering and to die, are sneering at, and treating with "adverse criticism" those who do heal, and who advise them to adopt *their* safe methods.

The "Christ-like" are known by their fruits. They

are the kind whom Christ blesses as merciful. They are merciful to their patients, by treating them to a cold bath for their fever.

Are they merciful and, therefore "Christ-like," who say they have not found anything better than pickled moonshine for fever, or those who say that they do not recognize that typhoid fever can be broken up?—and so let their patients linger in long suffering, and too, since they have been told by men of their own profession, that cold bath will break it up, and *has* in thousands of cases, without the loss of one.

And are they Christ-like who allow the Murray boys to linger to the brink of the grave, rather than use that quick remedy; but, sneeringly, term those "angels" who tell them that it has saved all those thousands, and that they have saved hundreds in their own practice, without the loss of one.

Are such "Christ-like," or rather are they not "devil-like?" Which was it, Christ-like or devil-like, in those who allowed the Frauer family to die in the face of the fact, as they *knew*, that cold bath had saved thousands without the loss of one.

Those "devil-like doctors" can be enumerated by thousands, and then, as far as their reign is concerned, is not "society under bondage to medical fetichism?"

Here is a case right at home to the hearts of many; in which some of our city doctors must have been concerned. The case of Rev. W. H. Wydman, who is buried to-day. About three years ago "he was stricken with typhoid fever, which brought on heart and lung complications of rheumatism, resulting in three years of suffering."

Now, had one of my "angels," whom the flippant "M. D." Clarke so sneeringly refers to, treated him, instead of three years of suffering, and then, death, he would have restored him to health in three days. Wonder if that doctor, or those doctors who treated him are some of Mr. Holliday's "men" that "are not all dead" yet? The "Christ-like" ones I mean, of the "self-sacrifice" kind.

to-day, and so far from believing with Mr. Kingsley that society is under bondage to medical fetichism, etc. "Well, was not Rev. Wydman "under bondage to medical feteceism" for three years? If not, what was he under? He was not under the healing wings of my "angels." Were they not mutillators of family ties? Then, will not John call "Gid" to again unlimber that gun, and level it on those mutillators, the same as he did so successfully on tally-sheet mutillators?

Mr. Holliday says: "Mr. Kingsley's grievance, when sifted out, seems to be that the doctors will not accept his methods, and admit that his sovereign remedies of water and salt and kerosene are panaceas." Yet, he did not tell his readers that my "sovereign" remedy—water, was also the same sovereign remedy of such real "Christ-like" physicians as Dr. Baruch, who, he acknowledged, had so completely vindicated me; and Dr. Smythe of our own state.

And herein, I claim that he was not fair to the people, whom I requested him to deal fairly with. Had he given that part of the title page where I refer to those doctors as my vindication, and advised the people to read, and weigh my arraignment of the profession for refusing my "remedies of water" etc., and to consider the backing I had, and then written this: "But we regard his arraignment as totally inadequate, unproved and unjust," then no one could arraign him for his arraignment, as "totally unjust" etc. But, as he has left it, "Dr." Kingsley thinks a part of his "mercilessly scathing analysis," a la "M. D." Clarke, is a little unjust.

"The doctors will not adopt his methods and admit that his sovereign remedies of water and salt and kerosene are panaceas." Well now, as I have good professional proof, which Mr. Holliday has admitted, that "water" is a remedy. why does he not advise such "frauds" as those who treat Basse and Vondersaar children, to try my salt and kerosene remedy, for diphtheria, since their treatment is so futile? Futile effort, as the News had it, in the case of that brutal treatment,

He says: "There are just as good in the profession by inserting a tube into the throat of that Vondersaar girl, to remain there thirty-six hours, while she was dying.

The kerosene and salt remedy saved our grandchildren with diphtheria, and nine chances to one it would have done the same for those children. Those remedies were complete in every case, which I mention in the book—that little Garretson girl out near Pendleton of a big lump on her neck, and which two doctors at Pendleton, had pronounced scrofula—those cancerous affections of my throat, etc.

Mr. Holliday cannot, in justice to his readers, and the people generally, afford to pass those remedies by with only a flippant notice.

I saved myself of the same "cancerous" trouble which, as the vaunted "medical minds" were proclaiming every day on bulletin boards, was affecting Gen. Grant.

They were, undoubtedly, descendants of Count Rumford, who Dr. Fletcher referred to when addressing a class of medical graduates, as having done more good in the world than even the twelve Apostles. Yet even such Apostle excelling "doctors" could not save him, nor would they let a cancer specialist try his skill; and very likely from fear that he knew more about it than they did.

Just at that time, my doctor friend whom I have mentioned as not understanding my repetitions, etc., wrote me, thus: "Grant's doctors have said that he has cancer, and he must die. Of course, then, he will die because they have said so, and he must die to show that they are not mistaken. Their word must be made good."

One of his doctors were paid \$12,000; and here is what Mrs. Grant says of his services: "Dr Douglass never did Gen. Grant a particle of good. All he did was to look wise."

"He would have the doctors take his remedies,"



says Mr. Holliday, well as I cured myself of just exactly such a cancerous affection, as they published Gen. Grant had, and at the same time, and which had lingered for months,—until it alarmed me, after reading their account of the General's—with dry salt alone, taken into my mouth and swallowed as fast as dissolved, would he not advise the doctors to try his (my) remedies for the next cancer case?

Here, the facetious John gives an account of a lunacy inquest—with Dr. Douglas, probably, on the witness stand, and, referring to my statement of curing myself of so-called cancer, says of me, “‘This man is crazy, no doubt of it at all,’ ‘But how do you know?’ ‘Why, he thinks he’s the prophet Jeremiah.’ Well, do you think the belief that he is the prophet Jeremiah unmistakable proof of insanity?’ ‘Of course I do, I’m the prophet Jeremiah myself.’”

“Of course,” that “Jeremiah” is one of John’s “Christ-like” doctors of “self-sacrifice.” Did he not “sacrifice” his health in looking “wise” on Gen. Grant?” And, too, claim a pension for that wise look; and which causes Mrs. G. to thus exclaim. “Why should this family be a pensioner on ours?”

Such “Jeremiahs” should not be allowed to suffer. They are of the self-adulatoried kind, before whom journalists and company stand in awe, while imagining them to be the “Christ-like” kind.

Those up at Crawfordsvile, just now, are of the same kind, telling how much they know, and yet, according to their testimony, none of them know the same thing alike, but, know it just as the plaintiff, or defendant wants them to know it. It is yet to be seen whether, betwixt “which and t’other,” the defendant will go free, or—otherwise.

Here are some clippings from the Journal that fit right here,—“Expert testimony seems to be like statistics. Any amount of it may be had to establish incontestable proof upon both sides of the case,”—Then, “The amazing quantity of drugs shown to have been

poured down Mrs. Pettit's throat by medical order, give rise to a suspicion that the unfortunate woman took strichnine of her own accord, as a means of hastening her escape from doctors." Again—"If the Pettit jury can decide whether it was the doctors' prescriptions or the strichnine that killed Mrs. Pettit they will be entitled to rank as medical experts." Presumably, Dear Journal, more reliable experts than our doctor-experts, who pronounced it not strichnine that killed her? Such cruel insinuations of contempt, is it?—about doctors, by the Journal! And, too, does it include our Doctor-experts?

Here this, and these which the Journal has—all in flaming headlines: "Now she was not poisoned"—and I might add: "Because"—"Indianapolis physicians say Mrs. Pettit's death was not due to strichnine. Doctors Henry Jameson, and E. F. Hodges give expert testimony that strongly favors the defendant Parson,"—Of course this settles it—with the Journal?

And here is still another clipping from our Journal; and which really does seem to indicate that it proposes to vie with even me in my "contempt" for the "quack science of disease" and "the quack method of healing."

"'Pseudopathy' and 'pseudotherapy' have been added to the medical vocabulary by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The first of these words signifies the quack science of disease, and the other means the quack method of healing. It is to be hoped that the ordinary profane characterizations of bogus medical methods has now found acceptable synonyms."

Dr. Fletcher's Rumford's mantle fell on our Doctors, and which makes them very "wise" as Mrs. Grant might say. Yet, later, the jury did not seem to think any more of their pretentious wisdom than Mrs. Grant did of "Dr." Douglass' same pretentions, nor as much as it did of the State's Doctors' evidence. That jury was very unanimous in pronouncing the "Parson" "guilty," without "fooling" away time.

All, and everything which has been reported about

doctors' connection with, and treatment of Mrs. Pettit's case, disagreeing about the doctor who did treat her, or who helped him to treat her, disagreeing about the cause of her death, designing to, or in effect did, criminate each other, as to what was done, or what was testified to in court—does it not prove them, all, to be of President Jordan's "frauds or fools," and, does it not, all justify me in all I have said on the same subject in the book? Witness the "expert" testimony for the defense, in the Longenecker case, a score of years ago. Was it not designed to, and did it not "fit" the side of the defendant?

While the Editor of the News may censure me for believing, as he intimates—"that society is under bondage to medical fetichism," what does he suppose that the Boston Globe Editor thinks about that fetichism in his city? I copied the Globe's word, in regard to its reporter's case, in the book, and here reproduce the first few lines.

"A Globe reporter has lately called upon a dozen or twenty of Boston's leading physicians and got them to prescribe for his ailments. He was perfectly healthy when he started out early this week, now he has the highest medical authority in Massachusetts for saying he is a very ill man."

As Mr. Holliday has read all what the Globe has to say about it as printed in the book, I would query—"just for information, you know," Was not that reporter "under bondage to medical fetichism?—or what kind of bondage was it?

Is the highest medical authority of Indiana any more reliable than that of Boston? Do one in ten of our doctors know any more about prescribing correctly for disease, or discerning whether there is any disease, at all, in a so-called patient, than the ten-tenths of those Boston doctors, who didn't know there was nothing the matter with that "athletic reporter?"

The fact is, nine-tenths of the doctors do not care whether a person who calls on one of them needs medi-

cine, or does not, that is, in their pretended judgment—but they want his money, and will prescribe something, which may or may not injure him; and too, there can be no doubt in the mind of a reflecting person, that nine-tenths of the real sickness among the people is caused by those reckless and sordidly minded nine-tenths of the doctors who prescribe for, and alarm persons until they do really think they are sick, and finally become so, from the use of the very stuff that is prescribed for them to use, to save them from sickness.

There are really, ten doctors where one is needed to attend to all the real ills that are liable to come upon the people. Then the people would have nine-tenths less blubbering over them, with their pretended medical science as a basis for their pretended necessity to the people, as “conservators of their health.” And nine-tenths of the people would then study up how to attend to their little ails, or how to let them alone, and then would have very few big ails.

Nine tenths of all the fevers now in this city, and the consequent suffering, and deaths, are the direct result of the determined purpose of the doctors to practice their “science” theory upon them; despite the fact, as they know, that every case could be treated with cold bath, with a certain recovery of every patient.

“Medical science” is their trade, and they start out to practice it on as many patients as they can “scare up”—scare into thinking their medical knowledge is a necessity to them—to restore them to health.

Nine-tenths of the people are as completely under the control of that medical influence exerted by the doctors, as the serfs, or subjects of Russian Czars, or Africa's cannibal Kings, are under their despotic orders. And those medical despots are multiplying their number over the people four times as fast as the same people are increasing.

We have this statement, essentially, from one of their number—Dr. Shrady, editor of a medical Journal, in New York City.

Here is a little quotation from the Medical Record, Dr. Shrady's paper. "There is certainly no more curious phenomenon than that of the extraordinary popularity of the medical calling in this country as a means of procuring a livelihood."

See? "As a means of procuring a livelihood."

Does he not, tacitly, admit the truth of my charges that, the doctor practices his calling for the money there is in it?

And, does not this admission also sustain me in the accompanying charge that they will, and do prolong the treatment in the way to make the most money out of the case? and, also, while refusing to adopt the short and safe method of cold bath for fevers; as well as other short and safe methods for other diseases. Torturing the people "as a means of procuring a livelihood."

And, right here, I quote this from the News, in reference to Dr. Douglas claim upon the Grants for more money, "Twelve thousands dollars to a doctor for assisting a man to die," etc., Well, John, was not that "medical fetichism"?

It is very reasonable to suppose that, had President Garfield's doctors kept his wound covered with a wet cloth to keep down inflammation, and forced salt water into the wound with a syringe, had there been danger of blood-poisoning, his wound would have healed, and he would have lived.

Others doctors, who looked on so to speak—said his doctors' treatment killed him, and which was undoubtedly, the fact; yet, those very ones, had they had charge of his case, would, just as likely, have killed him by the same or some other equally cruel treatment, as they would not have applied the "quack" remedy, which I have suggested.

His was nothing but a case of surgery, and the surgery was nothing but good nursing, as I have indicated, with the addition of cold bathing had fever developed in the physical frame; and, also giving, as a drink, salt water sufficiently often to keep the blood in good condition.



But there was not "science" enough in that simple treatment, so they mumbled all sorts of names in "hog latin," or something else, to describe his condition, and treatment, while "assisting him to die," as the News would say. And then was he not under bondage to medical fetichism?"

Evidently, the "extraordinary popularity of the medical calling in this country," may be accounted for in the fact that the "doctors" find it so easy to dupe the people, by their twattle about the wonderful "science," that lets them into the secret of the cause of all diseases, and how to treat them, or to keep the people clear of them.

The fact that we have in this country one doctor to every 60 of the people, shows how easy they find it to dupe the people. About six times as many as France has to their number of people.

The Medical Record says: "The United States has about sixty millions of population; nearly one hundred thousand doctors, 13,091 medical students, and graduates 3,740 students in a year."

Then this: "A comparison of the United States with the Europeans countries, in whatever way it is made, leads one to think that there is something almost morbid in our medical fecundity."

Yes, The "medical fruit is "rotten"—six rotten to one sound, comparing it to France. Our medical colleges are turning out "rotten fruit"—rotten in heart, mind and soul.

"Rotten" in theory, rotten in practice and principles; infecting our people with their rotten practice of a rotten theory. Our people are sickening and dying, while encouraging, and in consequence of, the "morbid medical fecundity" of our medical colleges—"rotten medical fruit" of our colleges.

What more can I want for a vindication in all my charges in the book, and in this supplement, against the medical profession, than the Medical Record has given me in these lines—where he refers to the "extraordin-

any populaity of the medical calling in this country *as a means of securing a livihood* as a "social phenomenon?" He does not intimate that the purpose is to procure health, and long life to the people, yet he knows that is their pretense, but with the sordid motive of securing a livelihood.

Then: "Almost morbid in our medical fecundity"—fruitfulness, whether he means, that the graduates of their colleges are sick, diseased in heart and soul, with only the sordid intention "of securing a livelihood," or the fruitfulness—the great "fecundity" of their practice while securing that livelihood, is "morbid"—sickly in its effect upon the people—its fruitfulness is disease, sickly, diseased is their medical work, "medical fecundity," one, the other, all together, sustain me in the various counts in my indictments against nine-tenths of the practice of all the profession.

Then here, very properly, comes in the consideration of the medical colleges, and their graduates; and which subject matter—the mills that grind out the "poor" bread winners of the "doctor" persuasion—I handle in the book without gloves.

Here I call to mind this little streak of literature from the mind of that versatile "M. D." to whom I have refered before, in these pages. "To return to that crankiest of crank literature which Mr. Kingsley calls 'my book,' which overdoes Termagant as a tirading arraignment of the members of the medical profession as remorseless butchers of the innocent and helpless sick, like any Kingan pig-sticker, for gain alone," etc.

Were it not that that blustering "M. D." is afraid to attack big game I would refer him to Dr. Shrady's "curious social phenomenon" in regard to the "popularity of the medical calling" *as a means of securing a livelihood*.

Dr. Shrady also says: "The subject is one that is often dwelt upon, but we doubt if many even yet realize the grotesque misproportion which medicine in the United States holds to other bread winning occupations."

See? I am not the only one who has "dwelt" upon the profession "as remorseless butchers of the innocent and helpless sick, for gain alone"—*as a means of securing a livelihood*, in Dr. Shradý's words; while he also, instead of using my "M. D's." words: "butchers of the innocent and helpless sick," refers to their practice among the people, as "almost morbid in our medical fecundity"—sick, diseased medical fruitfulness, among the people:

Here are two ways of expressing about the same sentiment by two doctors; while I, a "layman," have come nearer to Dr. Shradý's manner of expression, only varying at times, by quoting the language of such "doctors" as President Jordan, "M. D." Clarke, etc., to please them. And here, I use, to please "one" Clarke, his language, in reference to the generality of the product of the medical colleges.

Dr. Shradý places them along side of other bread winners. He refers to them as pursuing the calling "as a means of securing a livelihood," but says nothing about their healing the sick at the same time; and, when he refers to "something almost morbid in our medical fecundity"—fruitfulness—he leaves us to suppose that he means that they leave their patients not sound, or healthy, but "diseased, sickly, sick," while "M. D." C's pretended pen-picture of my language is, "remorseless butchers of the innocent and helpless sick, like any Kingan pig-sticker for gain alone," I quote in the book, Dr. Shradý's opinion that there are an excess of doctors, while, what I have quoted in these pages, is later on the same matter. I accept the sentiment attributed to me, in that pen-picture, and declare, as Dr. S., has placed them along the side of the "pig-sticker," as bread winners, that, I believe the young man who enters a medical college having the same nature in him as has the facetious Clarke's pig-sticker, and, as the calling is so notoriously popular, and, then—as Kingan's pig-sticker, has always found car-loads of pigs ready to be "sticked," so has also the people-sticker found

houses full, to do for, and do up—he calculates that car-loads of human pigs, so to speak, will be ready for him to work at, just so soon as the “old grannies” of the medical college wean him, and send him out to secure that “livelihood.”

And, while he may hope that, while he follows the granny Hayses’s advice to stick to his ethics, he may not hurt, but benefit the people; yet, as “gain alone” is his object, and as the people-stickers who have had a year or more the start of him, are already, a half dozen times too many, he is obliged to hustle, hunt up, and blarney the new comers and old ones alike, so as, at first, to get dupes enough to, even, give him a bare subsistence.” And, while working for that bare subsistence at first, but, later on, for bank stock and piles of brick and mortar, he is just as oblivious, and careless of his patients’ life as the pig-sticker is of the feeling of the pig, when he runs his knife into its throat.

This, I admit, is plain language, but the evidence of the brutality of the human-sticker is in the hands of the “angel” Smythe, and which he read to those “stickers,” in their medical society, assembled. He charged them with being “human-stickers”—all whose patients died in their hands, while refusing to use cold bath to save them.

They are also amenable to the same charge of brutality, while letting patients linger in any other disease, while treating them by the code, to the exclusion of simple and safe remedies; but, which, are outside of the code of ethics, while all the time their object, in refusing those safe and quick remedies, and so allowing their patients to linger long; can only be, to obtain the largest fee possible,—to “secure a livelihood”—and more.

Many, many such cases—of lingering, and death from those fevers, are of daily occurrence in our city; and, just as often as they do occur, am I not authorized to characterize the doctor, who attends them, after producing the statistics, and experience, of Drs. Baruch

and Smythe, and other ones whom they mention, all to show that cold bath is a certain remedy for those fevers, as "frauds and scoundrels," for letting their patients linger and die? Are they not guilty of their death, "for gain alone," the same as Kingan's pig-sticker practices his profession for gain alone?

While the same doctors, who are guilty of their fevered patient's death, by refusing to use simple and safe remedies, are, equally, guilty of the death of their patients with other diseases, while treating them with their pretended science; and which diseases are, largely made, or aggravated by that pretended scientific treatment; but which required no treatment at all, by a physician, or, at the most, very little simple treatment.

Yet that simple treatment is far beneath the high and lofty calling of the self-adulatoried Clarkes and Company; but who allow Murray boys to approach to the very confines of the grave, while they are battling with typhoid fever, or other fevers; and, too, while they could relieve them in a day, by the simple—yet the doctors' tabooed—remedy of the "angel," Smythe and Baruch.

This brings to mind some language of the indignant "M. D." about that Murray boy's case, which I quote: "just about this time there appeared a short item in the News to the effect that this boy was very low with typhoid fever, and shortly after that Dr. George handed me a queerly written epistle on brown paper, stating that Mr. Murray had received it through the mail and turned it over to him. It was signed 'A. S. Kingsley,' and one of the vile diatribes alluded to in the above reprint. Mr. Kingsley has written so many of these, probably—since he incriminatingly confesses in the card I am answering, to have written to the Jenckes, McCulloch and Ritter families in similar exigences—that he has forgotten the wording or circumstances, and in defense glibly calls me a liar." Then, after telling of what—"in this letter he spoke." "If Mr. Kingsley still



adheres to his idiotic charge of untruthfulness, why this letter will have to be published as the only silencing reply."

In referring to his plaint about those letters which I wrote, I say this in my "card." "'Dr.' Kingsley has no regrets for those acts of kindness, nor has he any evidence that they were not received in a kind spirit. 'Advising the immediate discharge of the attending physician as one of a gang of murderers, as he has done,' is a creature of the imagination of W. B. Clarke, 'M. D.,' and, while admitting that he is learned in the matter of pukes and pills, he must concede that he has not learned to not do what the little George Washington told his father that he could not do." For this, comes this language:—"and in defence glibly calls me a liar."

Well, so be it, if he wishes; yet, I stand to every word there written, and charge him with forging and publishing words that I did not use, in that letter, or in the article in the News, and, with forgery and false quotations from "my book." See? Fastidious "M. D.," *my book*. He alters quotations, erases quotation marks and makes words, phrases, and sentences which do not appear in the book, all to make it appear that I abuse doctors of our city by the use of the language which he imputes to me

In reference to their treatment of Mr. Murray's boy "M. D." Clarke says: "It is gratifying to be able to record that his confidence was not misplaced, for his child was returned to him whole again."

Well, was that 'confidence' in him or them, any justification for the "remorseless butchers of the innocent and helpless sick" in their tormenting that child, or allowing him to suffer, and harrowing the feelings of those parents?

And what about that "confidence," and the result, had my "angel" Smythe stepped in, just while that boy was hovering on the confines of the grave, and spoken to those sorrowing parents, while in all their grief, at

the thought of having to see him fall into it; and had convinced them that all their tears, and his suffering, could be saved had they put him into a tub of water, at the beginning of his sickness?

Their "confidence" was the result of their ignorance of "angel" methods, and which, had been the purpose, of the fallen-angel, "pig-sticker" kind, to continue them in that ignorance, "for gain alone."

However much those frauds may have tried to convince them that I was guilty of a crime in sending them that letter, I still opine that they are not so convinced; and, while I may not have convinced them, against the blubberings of those "frauds," that a cold bath was what he should have had at the beginning of his trouble, yet *I* am convinced that, when they hear from my angel Smythe, they will be so convinced; and then, instead of a feeling of "confidence," it may be changed to one of contempt. I am fully of the opinion that the time is coming, if it be not now, when my course will be appreciated by them.

Dr. Baruch, when reading his plea for cold bath, to his medical society associates, of New York City, after urging them to weigh the whole matter as he had weighed it, said: "You will then, I opine, agree with me that we stand to-day upon the threshold of a great epoch in the treatment of typhoid fever."

"Since he incriminatingly confess." So, then, it was a crime for me to write Col. Ritter, Dr. Jenckes, Rev. McCulloch and Mr. Murray those letters, in the time of their suffering, and suggesting a way to be relieved from it all? Well, then, why did not Col. R., instead of thanking me for my kindness, commence a criminal prosecution against me for that *crime*? Lawyers are supposed to be fond of fees, the same as the pig-sticking "M. D." profession is. Yet, while it is generally supposed that they do work for that fee, I would not, for a moment, rank them in the same procession with the "remorseless butchers of the innocent and helpless sick, for gain alone." While *they* work for a fee they do not

sacrifice human life to obtain it—do not “sign the death warrant” of their *clients*, as angel Smythe told the Clarke and Company “frauds” that they did sign the death warrants of their *patients*, by refusing to treat with cold bath all Murray boys who are suffering with typhoid fever. That letter “was one of the vile diatribes”—one of the several written to suffering families, advising them as to how they could be relieved.

Now, I may as well inquire right here, who is this blubbering, blustering, ranting self-important “medical”(?) scold who is charging me with a “*crime*,” confessing to a crime—“incriminatingly confesses.” Was it acrimine for me to notify that Murray family, after reading in the News that their son was at death’s door, from the effect of typhoid fever, that an angel of mercy was hovering over him, and they had only to open the door and let him in, when he would administer cold bath to their son, and who would, then, immediately recover?

I read that he was suffering, and also knew, from long experience, as well as from the words of such physicians as Baruch and Smythe, that cold bath would save him; and so, from the humane feeling which God had given me, I felt it a duty to so inform those people.

It was enough for me to know that a brother, one of God’s children, was suffering, but did not know that one of President Jordon’s “fools and frauds,” was torturing him, or allowing him to “battle” with the fever—according to Dr. Oliver’s plan—nor did I stop to inquire; I was simply vindicating the character which “W. B. Clarke, M. D.” gives me in a few lines, in the three column article over that name and cognomen; This: “Mr. Kingsley is noted in this community as a man of quick sympathies, honest purposes, and the willingness and ability to do much good, and his whole life is proof of this, in deeds as well as words.”

Yet, while vindicating the character he here gives me—“the ability to do much good” to that boy—he in-

sinuates—that I was guilty of a crime—and confessed to it.

I repeat the inquiry: who is this self-important medical “M. D.,” who assumes the prerogative of prosecutor, witness, judge and jury, to arraign me before the people, and then pronounce sentence upon me?; after, as he assumes, exorting from me confession of guilt—“incriminatingly confesses,” confesses to the “crime” of notifying parents how their children can be saved from the grave, which they were hovering over; and against the treatment that was sending, or allowing them to die.

Why! It is W. B. Clarke, “M. D.” One of the great *professedly* professionals of the so called medical profession; those professional characters who imagine, and, too, not without cause, with a very large portion of the people, that they so control the minds of the same people to the extent of inducing them to believe that they need their professional services, at all times and under all circumstances, to keep them well, or to cure their ailments!

And, while having such an exalted opinion of their importance; as the people have; but, which the doctors know is only in their imagination, and, that imagination created by themselves, by their self-pretentious claims as to that importance to them, in sickness or health. They deport themselves, before all people, as though they consider themselves a far superior race of humanity, above the people, whom they can, and do so easily dupe,

Prof. Maxwell, in his address, which I quote in my book; quoted another doctor's sentiment. thus:—“The grave nod, the mysterious air of infallibility,” this he admitted the doctors affect, yet claims that it does not have the same effect on the people as of yore.

That nod, and “air of infallibility” accounts for their ability to dupe so many people, while that ability to dupe them, accounts for the fact, that, they are running their medical mills to the very extent of their capacity, to enable young men, who see the ability of older ones to dupe, to try their own ability in the duping pro-

cess; and, always with the hope, and expectation, of being able to make the same "grave nod," and to assume the same "air of infallibility."

That pompous feeling of infallibility has so invaded the brain of my pretended reviewer, who, by falsely placing my words, language, quotations and sentiments before the public, hopes thereby, to do what he can not do by an honest review, criticism, and defence—defend the profession, against my arraignment.

His big, pretentious blusterings remind one of the toad, that affected such immense bigness that he finally "busted."

I publish facts, which are a matter of history, that justify me in all my charges of imbecility, and dishonesty against the profession. He don't notice the Boston Globe reporter's experience with the Clarke kind of doctors, there. He had better go and join himself to those doctors, that they can enjoy mutual commiseration, and abhorrence of "Dr." Kingsley.

I venture this assertion, and which, I claim, every day's observation, of the reflecting person—every day's history, will justify me in the assertion:

The majority of the medical colleges in this city know there is not room, or the necessity for one more "doctor," of all, that they are now preparing to unload upon the people, of our city, or any where in the state, or country. Assuming this to be a fact, then the following conclusions must, necessarily, follow:

Their care is not for the best interests of the people, but, only, have a care for the money which the student pays for his education—"for gain alone," like the "Kingan pig-sticker," who works "for gain alone." Knowing, as they do, that "there is room for no more doctors"—like the one whom Dr. Jordan so pitifully mentioned, who killed himself, in New York City, because "there is room for no more doctors"—the only hope of those managers, is, that, those unloaded doctors, upon the people, will be able to dupe the same people, for a "bare subsistence;" at first, at least, and



until they can do better. They know that, in proportion to the number which they throw upon the people, there will be a corresponding portion of the people all the time supporting them, upon the plea of the "doctors," that, they need their assistance, to keep well or get well; while, with the corresponding amount of sickness, to the number of those young doctors, so will be the inability of the bread-winners to earn their bread; but all the time a demand from the doctor for his fee; and, in proportion as that is paid to him—all for the privilege of being made sick—in nine cases out of ten—by him, the family suffers for necessaries of life; often compelled to beg or go to the poor house; and, in the meantime, many are consigned to the grave—with the attendant expense; besides the sorrow in the loss of friends.

Those managers care as little for this result, of their over-flow of doctors on the people, as the "Kingan pig-sticker" cares for the squeal of the pigs.

Then, this is the sequence of it all: The most sordid propensities of the mind is brought to the front, in the doctor, as well as in the managers of their colleges; more so than in any other profession, or calling of mankind.

I notice in my book Dr. Hervey's paper which he read before a medical society, claiming that the utility of medicine had made great progress in the last fifty years; and it is the claim, and clamor of all blatant medical scientists, of the Clarke and Hervey kind, that the treatment of diseases has been greatly simplified, and rendered much easier to handle, by scientific discoveries.

Yet, all kinds of diseases are not handled, by the most pretentious scientist, only with the usual fatal results, in the most simple cases of disease; but it takes five times as many doctors to hurry those patients to their graves as it did twenty years, or fifty years ago.

That pompous "air of infallibility" has so inflated my "M. D." reviewer that he is lifted very high up in

that "air," from whence he looks down upon me,—very much the same as the Shanghai Cock, upon the dung-hill, looks down upon the little bantam in the ditch; while, in his big-highness' rooster-language, of cook a-doodle-do, with out-stretched neck and open mouth, reminds his lowness of his extreme smallness. Then, he dilates on "small minds," and, when, whose "worthless armor is pierced in a wordy battle, retort with the inelegant expression 'you're a liar.' So it is with our ancient yet modern Aquarius, or Jupiter Pluvius, or latter-day Priessnitz, whose trouble still seems to be, as he has been so often diagnosed, water on the brain." Then again:—"It is only charity to assume that the author of this work is insane on the one subject of water in its relation to the practice of medicine." All this for the only reason that I, after my own experience of thirty years in the use of cold baths, proving its utility, and entire safety in every case of trial, and then advise all suffering people to use the same remedy, instead of trusting themselves and children in the hands of the doctors, who allow them to suffer, and, so often to die, of the same fevers which I have found so easy to manage with cold baths; and, too, after those long years of my own experience, I find that I am so thoroughly justified by doctors who have had the same proof of its utility, and I refer to them, to more thoroughly convince my readers, and the people, and induce them to try it, without the advice, or aid of those doctors who are opposing it, and allowing them to suffer and die; then, my reviewer, already inflated with that pompous "air of infallibility," swells his bigness to such ponderous proportions, away up in that "air," that he even looks down upon those doctors, to whom I have referred, contemptuously; sneeringly referring to them as my "angels."

Referring to my book, he says this: "He arraigns the doctors for practicing their profession for gain alone, utterly regardless of life or health, and on many other charges, basing it all on their fancied rejection of his

hydropathic ideas." 'Then comes this:—"He has two or three angels among the doctors."

Yes, and for the lone reason that they have "announced their belief in the efficacy of water." And right here I will ask that fraud; doubtless one of President Jordan's "fools and frauds." No, not a fool, "nither," because he has read Shakespeare and can quote him glibly as follows; and, as he uses the pronoun I, profusely, he evidently refers to his own great medical knowledge; and which must account for his use of "M. D." so continuously and unanimously after his name.

'Tis known I ever  
Have studied physic, through which secret art  
By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice) made familiar  
To me and to my aid the bless'd infusions  
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, in stones;  
And I can speak of the disturbances  
That Nature works and of her cures—which doth  
give me  
A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,  
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags  
To please the fool and Death.

A contemptible fraud, who would allow that Murray boy to linger in suffering to the brink of the grave, sneeringly referring to those doctors as "angels" for the sole reason that they "believe in the efficacy of cold water," for fevers, practice what they believe and advise other doctors to do the same.

Why does he not *deny* my statement, so often made, that water is a sure and quick remedy for fevers? : and then pitch into Drs. Baruch and Smythe for publishing false statistics about the thousands of patients being cured of typhoid fever—without the loss of one; and into Dr. Smythe, and charge him with falsely publishing that he has treated over 200 without the loss of one? Why does not that big-cock-in-the-barn-yard pitch into, and gaff that big game, instead of spurring the little bantam, over whom they are hovering their angelic

wings for a protection from that Shanghai's spurs, and cook-a-doodling-do shout?

In regard to that letter to Mr. Murray, the blustering fraud writes this: "If Mr. Kingsley still adheres to his idiotic charge of untruthfulness—why, that letter will have to be published as the only silencing reply;" while just before this he writes: "This letter was read by a number of parties, and I have this day been told by Dr. O. S. Runnels, who has read the letter, that the above words are a fair synopsis of it."

Well, then, why did not that same falsifier publish that letter as it was written, word after word, by me, instead of *threatening* to publish it, and instead of that "synopsis?" In connection with his blustering about that letter, the same falsifier writes this; "'Dr.' Kingsley's wild statement in the News recently was that the doctors in this State in their treatment of typhoid fever kill 1000 patients to every one lost by the Christian science healers in all kinds of diseases." He also says, in reference to my writing families where typhoid fever is reported, "extolling the virtues of cold water and Christian science." Now, so far as "Christian science" was mentioned by me, it is a lie, plain and simple. Here are the "wild statements" in the News, full and complete.

#### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND MEDICAL SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis News.

In reading Dr. Earp's remarks on Christian science some thoughts are suggested. Are not the same remarks applicable to medical science which he makes against Christian Science? Is there not in his science, as practiced, "a species of neglect which jeopardizes human life?" Dr. Smythe, of Greencastle, read a paper before this State's Medical Society, at its meeting in this city last summer, in which he said: "In 1870 I began the treatment of typhoid fever by a systematic application of cold baths," etc. Then, "the apparent neglect or indifference with which the brilliant results of this treatment have been received by the profession,"

etc. Again, "No one has any right to oppose this treatment upon purely theoretical grounds. He who does so, and refuses to adopt it, signs the death warrant of twenty individuals out of every hundred with this disease which he treats, and a discriminating public will hold him responsible. This plan of treatment is not an idle tale to be whistled down by a breath of wind." Is "the expectation of prayer and implicit faith" in "Christian Science" to cure, "without resorting to the necessary auxiliaries which a wise God has furnished man for the alleviation of disease" any more preposterous than is "implicit faith" in "medical science" to cure without resorting to the necessary auxiliary of water which a wise God has furnished man for the alleviation of typhoid fever? In view of the much more numerous cases of "neglect," by the medical scientists, in not using the cold bath, which one of their own number advises them to do, and by that neglect signing the death warrants of their patients than there are by the Christian Scientists attempting to cure by prayer alone, how would it do for "a community to have a right to legal protection against the methods" of both these scientists that "sacrifice the existence of its individuals?" The death of one in this city who was under the treatment of the Christian Scientists can be offset by one hundred or one thousand who have lost their lives by the refusal of medical scientists to use the cold bath, of which Dr. Smythe says: "In every case where the bathing was energetically used the patient recovered."

A. S. K.

The reader will hardly be able to find the language quoted above and attributed to me, by that fellow who has not yet learned to not do what little George Washington told his father that he could not do.—For instance, "the doctors of this State" \*\*\* "Kill" \*\* "their handling of all kinds of diseases."

So much for the honesty of one medical fraud when he is trying to defend the profession from the serious



and truthful charges of one who has no other motive than to benefit his fellow-beings, by warning them against such frauds. The only defense which he can make is developed in his ranting, blustering, game-cock-in-the-barnyard style. The feeling of "I am holier than thou," is developed in every word and line in his three column review of 'my book'.

In referring to me he says: "though of a truth, the game is hardly worth the candle." In his "conclusion" he says: "This verbose and necessarily hasty reply is made "because of my powerful conviction that it was some one's duty to do so on general principles, and because the medical profession has been so often challenged by Mr. Kingsley to make reply to his 'convincers.' "

He himself, coins "convincers" to make it appear as my own supposed opinion, that my arraignment of the profession is unanswerable, while he has volunteered to be their "Moses" to lead them over "Jordan."

And how has he replied to those "convincers?" Maybe he refers to Drs. Baruch and Smythe as my convincers. Certainly, they have convinced me that I am right in attacking those "frauds" who sign the death warrant of their patients by refusing to use cold baths, that I was right, when those lying doctors of the medical society published, to the effect, that I lied when I published that I saved our children with scarlet fever by cold water.

In all his "hasty reply" has he attempted to prove that my "angels," and all my own belief in the efficacy of water, is not justified by facts, as shown by those who have saved thousands of patients without the loss of one? Has he attempted to prove that Dr. Baruch's statistics are not correct, that Dr. Smythe's statement of his own experience is not true? Has he attempted to explain the cause of all those futile efforts, of great medical-pretenders, to save all those distinguished patients—whom they allowed to die? Has he attempted to defend all those doctors whom I have arraigned, for their

failure to save their patients from all those insignificant cases, which I mention? Has he attempted to defend those doctors of our city—himself perhaps one of them—whom Dr. Metcalf refers to as making serious cases out of trivial ones that they can thereby obtain credit for curing serious cases? - Has he attempted to defend all those three sets of doctors who treated Mr. Haskell for three different kinds of disease—and then let him die? ; and Mr. Laird, who died of softening of the brain as the doctors *said*, but when they found the brain sound, they then *concluded* it was blood poisoning that killed him. They all need his defense badly.

Has he any "reply" to the Boston Globe's conclusion?—"So we have the comfortable assurance that the doctors, nine times out of ten, doctor their patients for the wrong complaint." And: "certainly not one had the skill to discover that nothing ailed the athletic reporter."

He has any amount of blustering, with his war paint on, while dancing all around me, whom he imagines he has flayed, scalped, and tied to the stake, "all aburning," just like the Camanche Indian, who has been so often challenged by Mr. White Man to make reply to *his* convincers; and whose "hasty reply" has been the same flaying, scalping and burning, as the Camanche's was who saw it his "duty," "on general principles" to make his "hasty reply" to my "convincers."

All the "reply" he has for such men as Dr. Smythe, who are saving their patients' lives every time, and without long suffering, is, to look down, in his inflated condition, up in that "air"—that "mysterious air of infallibility," and sneeringly refer to them "as angels"—*my* angels, to whom I refer, to vindicate me in my "hydropathic ideas."

Here, the wonderful defender of the "medical profession," says, of my book: "He arraigns the doctors for practicing their profession for gain alone, utterly regardless of life or health, basing it all on their fancied

rejection of his hydropathic ideas." Well, did they not reject those ideas when they published that "water is not beneficial but hurtful in scarlet fever"? Then, why does not the fraud defend them against my arraignment, instead of whining about it?

Then, here, is another fling at the book and another sneer at my angel: "He is very fond of quoteing isolated statements from the Smythe fountain, especially the *unfortunate* one which intimates that one-fifth of the typhoid patients will go to their graves unless water is used." "Unfortunate!" when the statistics of New York City shows that one-third, and more go to their graves when "water is *not* used, while the statistics of hospitals in European countries show that *none* go to their graves when 'water *is* used;' " while the "Smythe fountain" utters out the sound that more than two hundred patients were saved from going to their graves by the *use of water alone*, while *none* went "to their graves."

Yet this whiner about the "Smythe fountain" proposes to furnish me a ticket to the "crazy" asylum, o'er White River, for the alone reason that I denounce the medical profession, for not using water, so as to save all their patients; and so "on general principles"—as this wonderful defender would say—arraign the members "as remorseless butchers of the innocent and helpless sick, like any Kingan pig-sticker; for gain alone."

I am "crazy" for the reason that the "Smythe fountain" of knowledge is the same knowledge which I have had for many years, and, because I am small, and, "unlearned" in the "little pill" biz., am made a scape-goat for the sins of those men, who are his peers in all that pertains to the science of medicine, while they are as high above him in any humane motive—to benefit and relieve the sick as Heaven is above sheol. He dare not attack *them* in their impregnable hight.

While my "pleonastic" reviewer is enjoying his "plethora" of that "mysterious air of infallibility" it would seem to be cruel to print anything that would

cause him to think, wonder, and look around and down, *down* to see if it be possible that he is a habitant with "small minds," or "small game."

I have quoted his reference to me, as among "small minds," and, as worthless game—thus: "though of a truth the game is hardly worth the candle," yet, as it is said that "misery loves company:" and in my present 'fix,' I do feel it to be a truism—"what is a truism." So, from sheer necessity to have, and enjoy "company," I feel impelled to print this: Once upon a time, in conversation, in the presence of a distinguished journalist, I happened to mention one "W. B. Clarke M. D.," as a reviewer of a book—"my book"—as he quotes it; when he—that journalist—with a significant—contemptuous, I might say—laugh, exclaimed in a whisper, as it were: "Aw, He's Small Game."

I think the reader will appreciate my state of mind, ever since I first read that he did consider *me* "small game;" and too, after I did know that I was to have company; and, that, I really was entitled to the company of a distinguished—self-distinguished[?] "M. D." But just how [to get at him, without soiling his medical-little-pillship's garments, with all my quackery, was a query. I dared not claim him, or divine a "gitatable" way to "git" him, until that censorious, and naughty, "paper man" came to my aid; or, rather, rescued me from my loneliness, and lone condition, in "quackerydom."

"The game is hardly worth the candle." At first thought I could not divine how that "candle" was called into requisition, in that defence—"on general principles." But, with the second thought came the enlightenment; this: That "defender" is supposed to be a disciple of a second Savior of Man—according to the self-distinguished M. D's., own language, in writing of Hahnemaun. Thus: "Of whom it may be said that no man, save Christ, has ever conferred upon his fellows such blessings as he." Then of course he was a *second* Chirst and, supposedly, with all the attributes of the first

One, and then would imitate Him, in his injunctions to His disciples, and, among which, would be this; "Let your candle light so shine on small game that it may be consigned to the crank's abode over the river."

But, in reality, "candle light" is a very modest illustration of that "disciple's" brilliant(?) intellect—yet, befitting "small game." The wonder is, that he did not write:—"is hardly worth the Electric Light"—capitals and all. But maybe, he preferred to be "unpretentious," on account, may be, of a "presentiment," that, some unappreciating Journalistic "light" might, in an unguarded moment, suggest "candle light"—"small game."

Journalists are supposed to harbor the idea that *theirs* is of the electric light kind of mind; with the ability to out-shine, and envelope in total darkness, such a mind as one might have who could be described—thus: "Mr.—is a thoroughly one sided man;" and, for his excoriations of the doctors, that Editor's language might be illustrated, by "small game," about this way:—"A Mercilessly Scathing Analysis."

That "small game" was, undoubtedly, suggested by a mind as brilliant as an electric, compared to the "candle" kind. And that small game, and candle-light, is of the *second* "Chirst-like,"—imitating, of course, Mr. Holliday's "Chirst-like, self-sacrificing" kind of doctors. That three column effort on one "small mind," and one piece of "small game," must have been a great "self-sacrifice"—"on general principles."

That defender, against my "convincers" evidently saw that I was following President Jordan's train of thought, in his great address to those young sprigs of the profession, just cut loose from their grannies' apron strings; and which address, I have retered to liberally in the book. *He* queries: "Haven't we had enough of the work of frauds and fools;" and, which frauds and fools, and their work, is the subject matter in that book—which my small game reviewer saw at a glance; while also seeing, that the President had, in his mind's eye, the "little-pill," as well as all other schools of



medicine but his own, when seeing all those frauds and fools; and, while seeing so much "of ignorant, empirial and dishonest work called professional, that our hearts sink within us"—even down to his boots.

The reader of my book will see, that, in all my denunciations of doctors, I am imitating President Jordan, in his denunciations of such as he is pleased to call "frauds and fools;" and, while he fails to particularize, though *pretending* to mean all such as do not cure disease, yet evidently does not, I take the responsibility of including all, "both great and small"—even taking in that fastidious newspaper man's "small game;" and, all the way up to the *was great* Douglas, but isn't *now*, since Mrs. Grant has said that he did no good to the Gen., "only to *look* wise;" *Now*, only one of Dr. J.'s "fools."

That is what worries my small game reviewer. He sees that I am only imitating the Jordans in my denunciations; but as he dares not attack such "big" game, the splenetic "M. D".-Rooster claps his spurs into the little bantam.

Here is a list of names of local physicians whom, my s. g. reviewer says: "Mr. Kingsley has contemptuously alluded to in his book." I will notice some of his own language which he imputes to me, and, where it is particularly false, will mark it "false"—"Dr. [?] Brayton"—false; "Venemous Brennan"—false; "Pickled moonshine Fletcher"—false; "He scores Dr. Woollen because his brother died," This is false, because he uses such language for the sole purpose of making a false impression on the minds of his readers. It suited him better to make language, than to quote my own.—"Maligns Dr. Mears for some very old court testimony," this is false, because, that, if he be maligned at all, it is in consequence of such court testimony existing. "Medical god Harvey"—is false, in the way it is used. I refer to the harangues before the medical graduates as literally making a medical god of Dr. Harvey, as they do of the "divine Hypocrites"—according to

Dr. Brayton ; My language cannot be construed as disrespectful to Dr. Harvey, but otherwise, as I mention his "really generous heart."

My garbler's object is to make ridiculous language for me, or to make my own so, by mistaking it. Here: "Fool or knave Long," he makes me say, when I merely queried of the reader, this:—Would it be very strange were I to characterize him as 'either a fool or a knave?'—Thus the reader will see that he relies more on dishonest statements and false quotations, than on honorable defense.

As Dr. Long's medical advice did prove so disastrous, to that dear little boy, I now quote Dr. Jordan's language as exactly applicable to him; "Fraud" or "fool." Could that indignant Jordan see that little boy now, as he hobbles along on his crutches, his heart would sink terribly low, in view of such "dishonest work called professional." That little boy's home is almost within a stone's throw of that "fool" doctor's. He must often see him, then what can he think in his heart of hearts, about his advice to that, now dead, mother?

My small game reviewer prints this: "He asks, 'a careful and prayerful consideration of all I have written,' and it certainly needs a very careful pursual to 'make head or tail out of the critter,' and I might be justified in devoutly praying that few will ever attempt it."

His "devoutly praying" will probably not have the desired effect. He should have hunted up the manuscript, and then drawn his heavy eraser over it. That would have made his laboriously-devotional exercise unnecessary.

Yet, nevertheless, some have read it—the New's Editor for one, and, too, the Sentinel Editor,—Mr. Morss; and who seems to differ, somewhat, from a sub-editor, "small game"—reviewer. *He* gives the title page in full, and, after, very kindly, and intelligently stating the subject matter of the book, concludes with the fol-

lowing few words—golden words: “It may be truly said of Mr. Kingsley’s book that there is not a dull or stupid page in it.”—It can hardly be conceived how much I appreciate such testimony from one whose attainments, ability, and position, render his opinion so very valuable; and, all the more so to me, from the fact that I had not formed any such estimate of its pages; from any point of view. But from the stand point of a “swell head,” away up in that “mysterious air of infallibility,” *he* can not “make head nor tail out of the critter,”—He grappled its horns, and got punched in the gizzard, then, in seeking to stay its progress by the “tail holt,” was kicked in the lower stomach, seriously disturbing the brain; then, like Balaam’s ass—after receiving that clubbing—cries out, and devoutly[?] prays that others may be kept away from the horns and heels of the “critter.”

Here is what is just now published,—“Victim of Christian Science”—Sioux Falls, S. D., Jan 1,—Justin A. Pettigrew, a brother of U. S. Senator Pettigrew, died here last night; Senator Pettigrew is much incensed at the Christian scientists who attended the sick man.”

Just so. Perhaps some Dr. Earp out there, has made that discovery—another victim of Christian science—and infused into Senator Pettigrew the same feeling—indignation, perhaps—that *our* Dr. Earp felt when he carded the News about the necessity for a law to punish Christian Scientists, whose patients die in their hands.

But here is a case that would seem to offset the Pettigrew case,—Miss Emma Abbot, who has, just now, died under medical science treatment. Is there any incensed feeling among *her* friends, at her “*medical science*” “doctors?” Where are the Earps, to call for a law to punish them for letting her die? Where is our Earp or Clarke to call for a like law to punish *their* “angels”—fallen angels—who allowed Mr. Carpenter, Miss Gillespie, Rev. Wydman, the Frauer family—all—to die?—not in the hands of the “Christian,” but

"medical science" kind of "doctors." But, then, when the Earp kind of judges' "bull" gores another man's "ox" they are whist about it; yet, all up a stirin' if his ox shall gore their *bull*.

Then here is another case, in our city, just reported. Chief fire engineer Webster, the Journal says is very sick; while Dr. Hodges fears that it will terminate in typhoid fever. To get even with the Earps should not the Smythe-angel kind of doctors call for a law to punish the fraud who allows him to thus suffer? ; rather than put him in a tub of cold water, and relieve him in an hour.

As appropriate to the foregoing, I here quote from Dr. Jenckes' remarks at the annual meeting of our Humane Society; in which he called attention to 'trap-shooting.' "This consists in 'sportsmen'—tearing the little birds, limb from limb; and the birds they used were doves. This is the tender hearted bird that bemoans the loss of its mate, until it dies of bereavement and loneliness. It is the bird that symbolized the Holy Spirit at our Saviour's baptism. We give these gentry and all others, whose tender mercies are cruelties, fair warning that, we will make it as utterly disreputable and infamous for any one to maltreat any one of God's living and breathing creatures as it is to have the hair cropped, don prison garb and serve a term in the penitentiary"—So much indignation—and righteous indignation it is, too—at men who torment any "of God's living and breathing creatures." Well then, I suggest to the Doctor, and all of my brothers and sisters of our Humane society; if we should not have the same, at least, indignation at those 'sportsmen'—those "pig-stickers," as the facetious M. D. Clarke would call them—who "maltreat" his Human creatures? Shall we not apply Dr. J's words, above-beginning: "We give these gentry," &c.—to all those whom Dr. Smythe has told, that, they sign the death warrant of every patient who dies, whom they refuse to treat with cold bath for typhoid fever?—and which means the same for all other

fevers. How about the *human* bird that bemoans the loss of its mate, its child, its father or mother? These are the 'birds' whom God created in His Own image; and to whom He said: "Little children love one another"—not "torture one another" for gain—the \$2.50 a visit; continuing for weeks, and then to let one-fifth of them die. Is not Dr. Jenkes one of the leaders of that "discriminating public," who, Dr. Symthe says, will hold those torturers "responsible." While we, of the Humane Society, have organized to hold those who maltreat these birds, any thing, of God's creation, responsible to the law—even to "serve a term in the penitentiary"—shall we not join with the general discriminating public, to induce our Legislature to enact a law that will place them along side of those other "penitentiary birds?"

Here is another "victim" of—Christian?—no—"medical" science,—King Kalakaua. President Jordan's frauds had been tampering with him for years, while confessing that they could not locate his disease, and in fact he had no real disease, only as they made it for him, in all those years. But finally, a trio of them, in consultation, the day before his death, discovered that Bright's disease "held him firmly in its grip." "Four years before the King had suffered severely from Kidney trouble." Had they then put him on a milk and cracker or toast bread diet, and caused him to drink liberally of salt water, also of weak soda water, his kidney trouble would have soon disappeared, but that was too much "quackery" for fraudulent, medical pretenders—those who had started out to secure a "livelihood," bank stock, &c.,—"like any Kingan pig-sticker."

Gen. Schenck published that he was cured of that disease on that diet, and with a liberal use of salt. It was published not long since that a doctor had cured a patient of that disease with salt. I know, from many years experience, that salt and soda, taken together or separately, have a healthy effect upon the kidneys; which means, they keep the blood healthy.



Every one taken with a "cold" should be put into a hot bath, then there would be no la grippe, pneumonia; nor would Vice-president Hendricks have died, had he been so treated, instead of his "doctor" standing over him, and twattling about his scientific treatment, while letting him die. I have paid some attention to all such "frauds"—as President Jordan would call them—in my book; and here say that I have no hesitation in believing that they should all be placed in the penitentiary, along side of Dr. Jenckes' "bird" maltreaters. I have mentioned in the book, Dr. Comingor's charge for treating my Uncle's injured hip. Our little crippled grand-child's parents consulted him about treating the callus below his knee joint. If he knows what he pretends to about surgery, he knows that callus could be taken off by an irritating liniment or plaster; and then the leg would straighten, as the joint is uninjured; but he had an interest in a \$25 "brace" which he preferred to advise them to buy, to put on his leg to straighten it; and, by stretching the ligament in the joint, thereby destroying it, while making the leg straight, but stiff. The pain the child suffered from that brutal treatment, so discouraged its parents that the brace was applied but a very few times. Comingor's black-smith—as he called himself—spoke to me several times about using the brace on the boy, when I invariably said to him that it could do no good, yet the parents, unfortunately, yielded to that "fraud's" advice—with the result as now seen.

Here is some valuable (?) information given to the people by "Dr. (?) Brayton"—as "M. D." Clarke writes it. The Journal has it thus: "The Local Milk Supply." All the important (?) information given below is condensed in two lines, these: "Under Stringent Rules and Inspections Consumers Generally Obtain a Pure Article."—"I think; said the doctor; 'that Indianapolis has an abundance of the best milk in the world. The great interest taken in this matter by the Board of Health and Sanitary Committees, from time to time, have imbued

those of our milk-sellers who were disposed to knavery if there were any such, that if they furnished poor milk it would be found out, and punishment would follow.'"  
—Well, has that 'great interest' extended to visiting those milk-sellers who feed their cows on such slops as are prohibited by law, under a penalty of \$50 to \$500 fine? It has been published, with a great flourish of printer's type, that that Board "is making examination of creamery and dairy milk sold in the city, with a view of bringing some, who are said to be violating that law, to justice, and the Board of Health will, if necessary, file complaint against them." Then here comes this: "The success of the case will depend upon expert testimony, as to whether or not the milk from starch fed cows is adulterated." Since we hear of no "complaint" filed, are we to understand that that "expert testimony" is: that, such milk is not adulterated? But then, will that "expert" say, that the cow is not adulterated—after eating that rotten feed? and then, will not the milk be impure? And if that be so, where from cometh Dr. Brayton's 'best milk in the world'? Here is some important[?] information, from Dr. B. —'Generally, the people who get poor milk, like the woman who found the naughty words in the dictionary, are those who are looking for it,' then, on the same principle—of finding the naughty words which you hunt for, would not the Board of Health find "naughty" milk by hunting for the cows that are fed on those prohibited feeds?—starch-feed and brewery grains? But then, perhaps our "Dr." has given that expert testimony—that milk from that feed is "not adulterated." One might judge so from reading this *important* testimony of his:—"Probably no city of its size on earth has such excellent conditions for the production of good milk.' Just what those conditions are, he, unfortunately, has failed to tell us; but, as most cities have alike facilities for grass and the usual kinds of lawful feed, he may rely on his own "expert testimony," that those unlawful feeds produce 'the best milk in the world.' The *knowledge* of the unequalled

conditions for our city to produce the best milk in the world, as well as of the *woman* who hunts for naughty words, and finds them, could never be stored in any other than a "doctor's" brain. Then farther along, is this: 'If people will give the matter attention and follow the directions given by the Board of Health and physicians, they can raise babies quite as well on cow's milk as upon mother's milk.' This *is* "important if true." Just what directions the Board of Health does give, does not appear, publicly, unless it is about this, impliedly, perhaps, to the dairymen:—"you go on feeding brewers grains, and other unlawful slops, we will not prosecute you, but, (this in a whisper) will "whack" with you on that \$50 to \$500 fine—all the time assuring mothers, and those expecting that happy event, that you give them 'the best milk in the world.'" And then here is the assurance of what is, and will, of course, continue to be,—this from the superabundant wisdom in the brain of our own Dr. B., 'This year, allow me to say, has been one of almost unprecedented success in raising babies, both as to quantity and quality. Babies in the market this year rank A No. 1.' All this great wisdom in contradistinction to the scores of small doctors, and benevolently inclined women, who made that great "ado" about the necessity of that "outing" to Fairview Park, last summer, to save those hundreds of 'babies' from suffering and death; but then they probably had not had access to that 'best milk in the world.'

The "directions," given by physicians, to mothers during 24 years of my experience in the business, has been, to give their babies milk from one cow. Yet many mothers have given their babies milk which I furnished from my herd of cows; and from the time they first saw the light of day until they were large enough to come with them to the wagon for milk. They would often tell me that their doctor told them to get milk from one cow; but I assured them that it was nonsense; all that was necessary, was to know the cows were healthy. Conscientious dairymen will not, generally agree to

furnish milk from one cow, but the largest part of those who do agree to do so, draw the milk from their can into the small one furnished by the customer, before reaching her. Such twattle—our “Doctor” indulges in about the *quantity* and quality—almost unprecedented success in raising babies that rank A No. 1.—Just “this year,” too! Of course *he* is wearing the mantle of Dr. Fletcher’s medical god—“Saint” Rumford—“who was believed to have done more good in the world than even the twelve Apostles;” and then, as a matter of course, he expects the average people to gulp it all down as gospel—from the disciple of the—at least—“thirteen-apostles-Rumford.” But, just what real information is contained in that conversation with the Journal reporter, does not appear; yet it gave him a chance to get the people to think of him as a “smart doctor.” And it must be a smart one—to know a “woman who hunts for naughty words in the dictionary.”

Yet, just what the Board of Health, its “experts” and chemists are doing toward furnishing the people pure milk does not appear, only in printers’ ink. The health officer is prolific in confiscating, in the season for them, bruised berries of various kinds; and which are powerless of harm in the way they are always used—cooked into all the various ways of preparing fruit for subsequent use. There is no end to the *rotten* apples, in all the season for apples; and which are made into cider and vinegar, for family use. Why don’t they seize sour milk? It is deteriorated from its original condition, the same as sour berries; while they can be made into proper food, the same as sour milk can be used for bread, or cheese or for drinking, and a healthy beverage, too.

But, a great display of Board-of-Health virtue before the people seems to be necessary in order to blind their eyes, the more effectually to “stay” their stomachs while gulping down milk from the rotten and unlawful cow-feed.

There can be no doubt that there is as much unlawful food given to cows to day as at any time in the last

ten years; yet the wise(?) Dr. Brayton says the milk supply of the city "is the best in the world."

And while the health officer is engaged in vindicating the "virtue" of his office, "by order of the Board of Health," by destroying property belonging to parties, who paid freight and shipped in good faith, to our city, expecting a reasonable return for their labor and expenditures, he passes the markets, and hundreds of other places where grease in all grades of nastiness, is sold to the deluded victim for "butter." Or even if "oleo" be on sale, with the government stamp, *that* is hidden from view, and "butter" marked in pencil is placed on the tub in front, in plain view of the customers. Such a display I have seen many times.

Where's our virtuous-Health-Board's officer while such displays of oleo or other grease under the name of butter, is going on?

Really, seriously, while our half thousand "doctors" are quartered upon the people, expecting to "secure a livelihood," can it be expected that the virtue of our Board of Health, or any other conclave of medical experts, chemists or what nots, in pursuit of that livelihood, will lose any sleep in hunting down and cleaning out any real disease-producing food? Milk is being distributed all over the city every day from cows that are fed unlawful food; yet is our Board of Health doing anything to stop it? Oh, yes. Perhaps listening to "expert testimony" from the doctor who is in pursuit of that "livelihood," that "milk from such cows is not adulterated"—thus placing that interested, livelihood-hunter's word above law, that which makes it a penalty for feeding cows with that rotten food. What little virtue there is in a Board of Health oozes out after destroying a countryman's property; and in a little printer's ink, while diseases go on, and come and continue all the same.

Whenever we have a Board of Health composed of my "angel"-kind of doctors, then proper effort may be expected to stop disease; but, while it is composed of "M. D." Clarke's pig-sticker "fallen-angel"-



kind, we will have to "battle"—a-la-Oliver—with diseases to the end.

I have mentioned the kindly notice of the book by the Editor of the Sentinel, Mr. Morss, and which proves there is a liberal supply of the "milk of human kindness" in his heart. Others have also read it; and here I take pleasure in printing their kindly testimony as to its worth.—This from Rev. Dr. Goodwin:—"Mr. A. S. Kingsley:—It is impossible to do justice to my views of your work on Medical Science Fraud, and at the same time do justice to the book itself, in the few words I must, necessarily be limited to. Without taking time to say why, I must say that my convictions are that its publication is timely, and will be productive of good—much more good than you will live in the body to see. Your present reward will be detraction, and possibly pecuniary losses; I am not prepared fully to endorse all you say, or to reduce to practice even all that my judgment approves. We are such creatures of habit that I suppose if I should get sick I would send for a doctor, and submit to his prescriptions; but I am sure they would be different from the prescriptions of fifty years ago. You see I have to send for a doctor."—Here the Rev. Dr. facetiously voices public sentiment—as created by the doctors.—"If I should send for you and get well, then I could not have been very sick: if I should die, it was too much water—it was a quack, a "crank" that killed me; and worst of all, the people would say that I was a crank or I never would have allowed you to prescribe for me."—Now, here again, the Dr. facetiously, of course, expresses a dread of being called a "crank;" while, will he deny that the liquorites have been, for the last half century; furnishing Goodwin, Kingsley & Co., crank's clothes to wear all that time, and which the firm has worn without a murmur?—"On the other hand, if I should get well, it would be the skill of the doctor that saved me. I had a bad spell—very low, but he pulled me through. If I should die under the doctor's treatment, it would be a clear case of inscrutable providence,

to which the survivors must be resigned.—You will not live, in the body, to see it, but I predict that, unpretentious as your little book is; written without the ornamentation of scholastic lore, and justly open to criticism, in its rhetoric at many points, and at many other points in its harsh epithets, it will modify the practice of medicine in many diseases, and what is more, the professors of the theory and practice of medicine in the medical colleges of the middle of the next century will denounce the present practice as the professors of to-day denounce the practice of sixty years ago. Can you afford to wait that long?—T. A. Goodwin.”

Here is the sentiment of a prominent lawyer of our city:—“ ‘A Bold Arraignment of the Medical Profession,’ ” &c.—I have just finished reading this wonderful book—for such it is. My acquaintance with the author of this bold and fearless book, covers the last thirty-five years. During this time we have lived in the same city—Indianapolis. That he has, from time to time during this period, contributed to the newspapers of the day, many valuable articles, suggesting the proper mode for the use of cold and hot water for the cure of fevers and chills, I know; but, that he was laying a plan to “tree” the doctors I did not know until I read this book. The reading of Mr. Kingsley’s book suggested to me a story that I heard when a boy in my New England home. It was of a Western merchant who had been very successful in his business; and who by dint of close application, coupled with the ignoring of all popular amusements, including the celebration of the 4th of July, had amassed a large fortune. He had never attended a 4th of July celebration in his life; and knew nothing of the Declaration of Independence. But, at length his neighbors and friends prevailed upon him to celebrate the 4th. He went with them and listened to the reading of the Declaration of Independence, to the usual spread-eagle oration, and other exercises of the day. On his return he was asked how he liked the celebra-

tion? He said: 'I liked it first rate. There was one thing they read there that I liked very much. It must have been written by a very smart fellow. But it was terribly severe on the British.' What the Western merchant said of the Declaration of Independence, may be said of Mr. Kingsley's book. It is terribly severe on the British—The Doctors.—But, the author by no means condemns all doctors. He distinguishes between those who treat their patients to cure, and those who treat patients with, seemingly, no other object in view than to swell their bank account. In one sense, the book is open to criticism by reason of more or less repetition; but to the careful reader this seeming fault works no greater injury than does the repetition of the Lord's Prayer. The more one repeats it the better one likes it. To the reader this volume will prove both interesting and profitable; it should be read by all, not excepting the doctors, even! From a practical experience of upward of thirty years in the treatment of scarlet and other fevers and chills, by cold and hot water, by the author, and with uniform success, together with the undisputed evidence of Drs. Baurch, Smythe, Brand and other eminent physicians, as set forth in this volume, I cannot for one moment, doubt the utmost sincerity of Mr. Kingsley in all that he claims for this almost infallible cure for fevers and chills, under his mode of treatment. And as for my views of this question, I must confess that they are very similar to those expressed by President Lincoln, concerning the value, and probable success of Ericsson's naval monitor. When the entire Naval Board, together with the skillful experts, save one, had condemned the plans and drawings as a failure, all eyes were turned to the President, who was asked his opinion of the invention. 'Well,' said he, 'I feel about it a good deal as the fat girl did when she put her foot in her stocking. She thought there was something in it.'

Jan. 5, 1891.

GEO. K. PERRIN."

Here I am glad to present a few lines from a younger member of the already mentioned firm of Goodwin, Kingsley & Co.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Feb. 26, 1891.

Adriel S. Kingsley; *Dear Sir:*

I have examined your work, "A Bold Arraignment of the Medical Profession, etc.," with a great deal of interest. How much the profession knows about diseases and how much it can help the afflicted, must ever be questions of very great interest to all thoughtful people. That the medical profession has not and does not know everything, and has not and can not successfully overcome all diseases, and every case of physical affliction, are thoroughly settled. That great progress has been made in information and skill by the profession, must be conceded. This has been accomplished by the exposure of false theories and practice, perhaps, as by the advancement of better theories and better practices.

The illustrations you use and the cases cited, present with great force your argument. While I do not feel competent to pass judgement upon the whole question involved, I am like all common people, who are without professional study, learning and experience, upon the matter under consideration; yet I feel safe in saying that your work is entitled to careful consideration, and put the theories and practices heretofore adhered to, upon their defense, to which they must respond.

Most respectfully,

ELI F. RITTER.

Here is a short statement of the effect of the liniment I recommend for sore throats—diphtheria, as the doctors call it.

"Pendleton Jan. 15 1891.

Mr. Kingsley:

\* \* \* Nathan and children have all been sick with such sore throats; they are better now. I treated their throats with your liniment, and salt on the inside. I used sulphur a part of the time, but I found that salt gave the quickest relief. MARY E. GARRETSON."

I am also glad to be able to refer the reader to Mrs. Alice Horrell, in block, corner West Washington and California streets, who has received great relief from an enlargement of the neck and throat, by the application of the liniment, referred to by Mrs. Garretson, and by the other Mrs. Garretson mentioned in the book.

Here is a little more testimony.

62 North Delaware Street, City.

Feb. 27, 1891.

My wife has had throat and lung disease for the past five years, and has been treated by several physicians, but received little or no relief. Last summer she was given up as incurable, and told by a physician that she had consumption and would not live three months. About three weeks ago she began using Mr. A. S. Kingsley's remedies according to his instructions. While she is not, as yet, permanently cured, she has received very great relief, and will continue the remedies.

M. E. Shiel."

Mrs. S. is using the liniment and salt for her throat trouble. She came to our house to inform me that she felt very much relieved.

Here is an item worthy of note.

### —"DIED FROM NEGLECT.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISMS CHARGED BY A JURY WITH  
RESPONSIBILITY FOR A MAN'S DEATH.

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 21.—Much interest has been felt here in the inquest over Wm. Protzman, who died under Christian Science treatment. The coroner's investigation lasted four days. To-day a verdict was returned. It was found that Protzman was twenty-four years old, had good health and a rugged constitution until Dec. 17 last, when he was attacked by a cold, which grew into typhoid fever. The testimony showed that he received no treatment except "silent prayer:" that all dietary rules were disregarded and that he was



otherwise neglected. The conclusion of the jury is that Protzman "came to his death by reason of having practiced upon him the teachings of an association of persons calling themselves Christian scientists." The jury further say that in their opinion Protzman would have lived if he had had proper treatment given him. It is expected that important arrests will be made."

The medical scientists testimony was, of course, given to that jury, and also, of course they prepared the item for the press. Now, how would it do for the Christian scientists, of our city, to have the coroner investigate the Frauer family's, Miss Gillespie's, Rev. Wydman's or any other of the numerous cases of death from typhoid fever, and call Dr. Smythe for a witness, who would testify that *they* "Died From Neglect,"—by allowing them to "battle" with the fever, while neglecting to put them in the cold bath—that those medical scientists, by refusing to use cold bath, "signed their death warrant." The jury then would say "that in their opinion, all those who died would have been saved by that cold bath." This, of course, would appear as the last bit of information:—"It is expected that important arrests will be made." Then there would be a hustling for the Clarkes, Fletchers, Hayses, Olivers, Herveys, Earps & Co., to appear in court with the Baruches, Smythes, Little Kingsleys & Co., to testify that every one who refuses to use the cold bath does "sign the death warrant of every patient with typhoid fever who dies in his hands; and a discriminating public will hold him responsible." While a law should authorize the court to send him to the penitentiary.

Just now the people, who learned to honor and love Gen. Sherman, for his great services to our country, are mourning his death. Yet had those medical frauds, who attended him, not left him to "battle" with his disease, but given him a hot bath when he felt the "cold" upon him; or, after, when the fever was upon him, applied the cold bath, he would have been well in three days. The same treatment would have saved Judge Berkshire to his family, and the State, for which he was doing

valuable service. Dr. Baruch would not have allowed Gen. Sherman to battle with that fever, but would have "drowned" it in a tub of water. So, would Dr. Smythe have treated Judge Berkshire, and saved him, also. Such is the difference between "medical" and nature's science.

Here is a case of family suffering, just now reported; and, of course, in the hands of President Jordan's frauds:—"The family of Ephraim Fuller, of D. H. Baldwin & Co., is greatly afflicted. Four children have had the diphtheria; one died last night, and another is at death's door. Recently Mr. Fuller's mother, a brother and a fifth child died." Had those frauds resorted to the "quackery" of the coal-oil, camphor and croton-oil liniment, and salt water for the throat, as we did for our grand-children, and as others have done, with like success; as well as other simple remedies for those who died of other diseases, nine chances to one that family would now be unbroken. All this fraudulent practice is going on every day, and all the time, by all grades of the medical profession—from the "small-game" Clarke kind and all the way up to the "high-faloutin"—Fletcher-Brayton-Hays-Hervey-Earp-and-Co.—"Rumford kind.

In conclusion, I will repeat what I have already so often asserted in this supplement, and in my book: that nine-tenths of all kinds of medical practice on the people of this city, is fraudulent, in all intents and purposes. Yet, probably, the same proportion of the people take the pretensions of the "doctor," that his aid is essential in saving life; and so, when disease does appear, they call in his aid, but, so often to their great sorrow; as with the remnant of the family just mentioned. The very "scientific" name "diphtheria," "tonsillitis," is used by the fraudulent profession to lead the people to think that there is such a difference of treatment necessary in each case, that only the doctor can tell the difference; so, it is unsafe to attempt to treat a sore throat without consulting him. It is a lie, used by

the *leading* physicians, the world over, to blind the people, as to their own ability to cure that sore throat, by simple means; as I have mentioned. There would not be one death from this simple sore throat, would the people scorn those frauds' pretensions, and study the nature of such diseases, as well as of other diseases from which there is so much suffering and death, and then apply the simple remedies; and, which are all that is necessary to remove them—to insure health, and consequently, save life. The continual, and so frequent long suffering, as well as loss of life from what was, very evidently, at first, a small ailment, should lead every reflecting mind to see that that long suffering, and death, was the direct result of the treatment given that patient by the "doctor;" and whose only aim was to prolong the case, regardless of the consequences, in order to realize the longest fee-bill. Like the facetious Clarke's "pig-sticker"—"for gain alone"—to,—as Dr. Shrady would say—secure a livelihood.







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